

VERSES

UPON

Several Occasions :

WITH SOME

Translations

Out of the

*Latin and Greek Poets.*

(Ball) Thomas

By the same Author.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for Richard Cumberland, 1697.

15

# VERA

NUOVA

SECONDA OCCASIONE

ALDOUS HUXLEY

THE PRACTICAL

EDITION

WITH A NEW PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR

ED.

WITH A NEW PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR

MOSKOW

SOVETSKAYA KOMMUNISTICHESKAYA

821.4.3.17  
B. R. J. V.  
THE  
Epistle Dedicatory.

TO

JOHN HARVEY,

Of Thurly in Bedford-shire, Esq;

SIR,

W<sup>E</sup>re Patrons bound  
to Defend Books  
they never saw, as  
Seconds are, to Fight Men they  
never heard of, I shou'd not have  
Presum'd to have made You a  
Dedication; for I am Oblig'd to  
tell the World of my Misfortune.

A 2

You

## The Epistle.

You never saw one Line of these Elegies, and so are absolutely disengag'd from all Inadvertencies, Faults, and Follys, of what Nature soever. And tho' Men are generally as fond of the Issues of their Brain, as those of their Body, and partially give it for themselves, without Fault; I am not so Conceited of mine, as to think I have writ without Mistakes, tho' there is none that I know of.

You may remember, in July last, when I made you a Visit about Peterborough, I told you I had some Papers of this Nature in some Friends Hands in Town, and wish'd I had had 'em then, to have taken your Thoughts: Not long

## Dedicatoriy.

long after, I received them, and  
had no reason to alter my Design  
of Publishing 'em, at one time or  
another : Then I shew'd them to  
some of my Acquaintance in the  
Countrey, and several Persons a-  
greeing in the same Opinion, I  
took up this still desperate Resolu-  
tion of Printing. It has been a  
Humour in all Ages, but I be-  
lieve never so Universal as now,  
for Men to think it a Detra-  
ction from their own Character,  
to give another Man his ; and  
when Homer has been Burlesqu'd,  
Virgil Travestied, Waller Cri-  
ticis'd on, and Cowley Condemn'd,  
no Body must take it ill. Cow-  
ley was a Man of Admirable

## The Epistle

Wit, and his Writings will Challenge a Respect, till our Poets are inspir'd. Waller indeed writ with more Art, and was the first of our Countrey-men that Affected that agreeable Smoothness, which with his large Share of Wit, makes his Poems perpetually Entertaining. But those that Rail for no other Design than to be thought Critiques, are fond of a Character they are not able to maintain: And tho' they are a great part of Mankind, they are of so different a Complexion from the better part of Mankind, that they have as little Respect as Modesty, and it's no Reflection to be out of their Favour.

When

## Dedicatory.

When I first began these Elegies, the only Motive to me was my Diversion, and to Pursue the Design of Entertaining my self, I Choose this way of Imitation, which admits of more Liberty: And tho' the Alterations are not great, nor many, yet they are too many for a strict Translation. Besides this, I had another Reason, which Prevail'd with me, more than my Ease, and that was Ovid's extream Sense of his Misfortunes, in a hundred places of his Elegies: He is so Melted with his Sorrows, that his Complaints discover a Weakness, which is better bid. Ovid's was indeed a very hard Case as could be, and it's no Won-

## The Epistle

der if the Affection be bad for his own Countrey, the passionate Tenderness for his Wife, and Family, together with the dreadful Apprehensions of the barbarous People he was going to, if all these shockt his Resolution, and made him write his Fears ; and it is rather to be wish'd he had done it seldomer, than to be wonder'd he did it at all.

The true Occasion of his Banishment, as far as I can learn, has been a lasting Secret, and men of his own time could but Guess ; the most probable Conjecture to me, is, that he suffer'd not so much for his own Fault, as Cæsar's, that he was Consci-

ons

## Dedicatory.

ons of something that made Cæsar uneasie ; I don't think it was any Familiarity with Livia, or Julia, that gave him Augustus's Displeasure, and those Verses,

Cur aliquid vidi ? cur noxia lumina feci,

Cur imprudenti cognita culpa mihi est.

signify no more, than that he was unfortunately Privy to some dishonourable Action of Cæsar's, and he durst not trust him at home. Had his Crime been of so high a Nature, as to have wrong'd him in his Wife, or Daughter, Banishment had not been Punishment enough : And had it been Livia, he durst not so much as have mention'd her ; but we find him in

The Epistle  
in the second Book of his Elegies,  
which he writes to Augustus;  
particularly commending his Livia.

Livia sic tecum sociales implet annos,  
Quæ nisi te, nullo conjuge digna fuit,  
Quæ si non esset, cælebs te vita deceret,  
Nullaque, cui posses esse maritus, erat.

But this is still Conjecture,  
and all the Proofs that can be  
Amass'd of either side, amount to  
no more; and therefore I shall leave  
the Reader to his Liberty, with-  
out pretending to determine from  
any of 'em. But whatever was  
the Occasion of his Banishment,  
he was Treated with great Re-  
spect by those of his own time,  
and his Writings have been  
judg'd

## Dedicatpry and T

judg'd very Fortunate, by those  
of several Ages since. The traged  
Seneca's, Marcus and Lucius,  
Velleius Paterculus, Quintilli  
an, Cornelius Tacitus, Martial,  
Statius Pampinius, Angelus Po  
litianus, Erasmus, Julius Scaliger ; these and a great many more  
have all interested themselves in  
the Commendations of Ovid, and  
are more than Common Auth  
oritys.

And now SIR, if you can  
find any thing in the following  
sheets that may Divert you, when  
Tired with, or Indisposed for bet  
ter Studies, I shall have the  
greatest part of my Design, and  
only

The Epistle, &c.  
only want your Pardon for this  
*Freedom,*  
SIR,  
*Your most Obliged,*  
and very humble Servant,  
T. Ball.

---

The

The First  
E L E G Y  
O F  
Ovid de Tristibus.

*He applies himself to his Book, that  
it shou'd go to Rome, and ad-  
monishes what's to be done.*

**G**O to fam'd *Rome*, my *Book*, thy *Verses*  
( *Show*,  
A *Privilege* thy *Master* had 'till now;  
Go but *Undrest*, *Forlorn*, *Unhappy* go.  
No *Crown* adorns a *wretched* *Exile's* *Brow*,  
No *Garb*'s allow'd, but what his *Sorrows* *Show*.}

Vermillion,

Vermillion, Purple, that are Fine and Gay,  
 With these, while others Titles flourisht be,  
 Your Page, my Book, must want the Liberty :  
 These are the Ensigns only of the Great,  
 You must reflect your Master, and his Fate,  
 Nor be ashame'd of Blots, for all that read  
 Will know, my Flowing Tears the Blots have  
 ( made.

Go, in my Words, and Name, Salute the Town,  
 The much lov'd Place, that I so long have known;  
 If you shou'd meet a Man shou'd ask of me,  
 Tell him I live not from Misfortunes free ;  
 If he asks more, be silent, let him read,  
 Lest you should say what's better, much, unsaid.  
 The Reader may my Crimes perhaps repeat,  
 And say 'tis just, he suffer'd as he ought ;  
 Be sure you don't defend, tho' you cou'd wound,  
 A Cause that's ill, Protected, ill is found.  
 If you shou'd find a Friend that shou'd Bemoan,  
 And often weep his much lov'd Ovid gone,  
 And softly whispering, to avoid a Crime,  
 Wish that his Caesar wou'd forgive the sin ;  
 Who  
 .wou'd swot so hard now, b'woulc'd do a Who  
 .no illimis V

Who e're he is, we wish him happy too,  
 That seems to feel the ills the wretched know:  
 To all he asks may Heav'n indulgent be,  
 May Caesar's Face again Look Liberty,  
 And grant the Priviledge at Home to dye.

Whilst my Commands, my Book, thou dost relate,  
 The World will damn thee 'cause unfortunate,  
 Exiles are never Witty, Good, or Great,  
 A Judge must weigh the Busines, and the Time,  
 What Vertue was, may be esteem'd a Crime,  
 The Muse ne're smiles, but when the Poet does,  
 And who can smile with Clouds upon his Brows?  
 In blest Security, and Ease, I write,  
 My Thoughts were free, my Verses smooth and

sweet;

But since Fates Storms have toss'd me to and fro,  
 Nor at this Instant do they cease to blow,  
 My Mind's as rough as troubled Waters flow.  
 While I was safe, I eager sought for Fame,  
 To Wealth preferr'd the Purchase of a Name;  
 But now, my Book, in silence softly go,  
 Thy Master's Fame, is like his Fortunes, low.

If

Cant.

If any one shou'd find it's mine, and say,  
 This Book is to be Burnt, or Thrown away,  
 The Title shew, tell him I write no more  
 Of Love, the Subject of my Books before ;  
 Tell him I 'ave dearly suffer'd for th' Offence,  
 Lost my Estate, as well as Innocence ;  
 But thou, perhaps, wilt look for th' highest Place,  
 Expect that Cæsar shou'd Applaud thy Verse ;  
 That thou shou'dst have the Privilege o'th'  
     Court,  
 And be Careless by all that there resort.  
 O no ! let but those Palaces forgive,  
 Those Gods Propitious be, that in them live,  
 No longer Thunder from the Sacred Roof,  
 The Bolts I've felt are of their Power Proof ;  
 I've known 'em Gentle, and Forgiving too,  
 Their Goodness like their Power, diffusive flow ;  
 But very lately 'tis they Punish me,  
 The sad remembrance often makes me sigh :  
 The fearful Dove once struck, she always fears  
 The stronger Hawk, when e're the Bird appears ;  
 The Lamb from the Devouring Wolf once free,  
 For ever after Dreads to be his Prey.

Cou'd

Cou'd the lost *Phaeton* but live again,  
 He willingly wou'd own his Pride a Sin ;  
 So having felt the Mighty's fiercest Flame,  
 I own my Fault, and fear to sin again;  
 The Pilots that the *Grecian Navy* bore,  
 Will always dread the Danger o'th' *Eubean Shoar* ;  
 The Boat that *Ovid* and his Fortunes had,  
 Their Navy like, o'th' fatal Place's afraid,  
 Where angry storms a dreadful Shipwreck  
 made.

Beware, regard the Instances I've told,  
 Rather be timerous, my Book, than bold ;  
 What if thy Verse before the People lies ?  
 The Mean may Pity, when the Great despise,  
 While *Icarus* with Wings to fly assay'd,  
 He purchas'd this, his Folly nam'd the Flood.  
 How to advise thee well is hard, but go,  
 Time, Place and e'ry Circumstance must show,  
 If a clear Stage thou seeft, and all things shine,  
 Like *Cæsar's Face*, before his *Ovid's Sin*,  
 Yet let your Air be grave, and grave your Mien :  
 Or if a Favourite shou'd take you as you stand,  
 And kindly give you to his *Cæsar's hand*,

He that first gave the wound, that caused the pain,  
 May, like Achilles Spear, relieve the same,  
 But while you're help, Be carefull lest you KILL,  
 By daring Threading, that's at present still,  
 My Hope's but small, my Fears are greater far,  
 Let you offend, and to Augment my Care.

When to thy Study thou'lt come, thou'lt see,  
 Some Books, that had their Characters from me,  
 With harmless Titles most, you'll find appear,  
 Written before their Authour Guilty were,  
 But in a Corner dark, and fit for them,  
 Three Books will lurking, in a Hole be seen;  
 Fly those as soon as e're their Form you view,  
 Tell 'em, unhappy Oedipus his Father slew ;  
 And if thy Ovid's words have power to move,  
 Hate 'em be sure, tho' they pretend to Love :  
 Next you'll behold upon a Shelf, my Book,  
 Some kindred Leaves, that various Forms have  
 With these I'de have you talk, and in your talk  
 Tell 'em how different from the Man I was, I walk

When Fortune smil'd, and all my Thoughts were  
 ( Gay,  
 When she seem'd fond to heap her Goods on me ;  
 Tell 'em I'm Chang'd, and look like some of them,  
 Am wrinkled, old, deform'd, and ugly seen :  
 I have more Cautions, more I am afraid,  
 These very dangerous times, my Book, you'll need,  
 But shou'dst thou carry all that crowded ly, }  
 The Thousand Fears that trouble me,  
 Thou'dst swell, the strongest cou'd not carry }  
 ( Thee.

**B 2 Elegy**

## ELEGY II.

Ovid Prays the Gods wou'd deliver  
him from the Dangers of a Ship-  
wrack, and in the Elegy describes  
the Tempest.

**Y**E Gods, whose Power the roughest Tor-  
( rent finds,

Conduct our Ship, half Ruin'd by the  
( Winds,

Why shou'd your Wrath, with Cæsar's, be en-  
( creas'd?

One God has Frown'd, another has been pleas'd,  
*Mars* hated *Troy*, *Apollo* kind was found,  
*Venus* protected, *Pallas* wou'd have Drown'd;  
*Aeneas* strength in *Juno*'s rage had fail'd,  
Had not another Deity prevail'd;

*Neptum*

Neptune persw'd Ulysses with his Hate,  
While good Minerva, snatch'd him from his Fate.  
And tho' we're less than these in Birth and Skill,  
Much less, why mayn't some God be tender still?  
And while one Frowns, another please to Smile,  
My words like Common Air, confusedly Fly,  
The Winds all hope of being heard deny,  
And Waves scarce grant the Privilege to sigh.  
In vain, I all my Pray'r's to Heav'n direct,  
The Gods can't hear, not hearing won't protect.  
Ah me! the swelling Seas their Surges throw,  
You'd think they'd reach the Stars, so high they  
(go,) And parting, a'most show the Shades below.  
All the vast space I see, is Air, and Floods,  
Tost by the Waves, and Threatn'd by the Clouds,  
While different Winds in Murmurs make their  
Way; The Sea is doubtful which he should Obey;  
Eurus his Forces Marshals from the East,  
When Zephyrus soon Threatens from the West,  
Fierce Boreas from his Northern Quarter blows,  
While Norts Charges, Fighting as he goes.

Our Pilot in so dangerous a Gale,  
 So odd, so terrible a Storm as this,  
 Is yet uncertain what to make, what fly,  
 Such Strange Variety of Dangers nigh;  
 Now while I speak, a Proud, Insulting Wave,  
 Shows me Death waiting for the Life I have.  
 My Pious Wife, so long my Joy, and Care,  
 Knows nothing of the Threatning Storms I fear;  
 Believes my Banishment, the only Grief I know,  
 Thoughtless at present what I undergo,  
 Did she but see me Riding in the Deep,  
 The Disproportion that the Surges keep,  
 Her Care wou'd double every pointed Ill,  
 And I, for her, two Deaths at least shou'd feel;  
 This Flash wou'd be a Death, so long the Flame,  
 I plainly saw the Place from when it came,  
 The Treasury where God's their Lightning lay,  
 To burn the World, when all shall disobey:  
 Death I don't fear, let but the Tempest cease,  
 Dismiss the Winds, and strike me where you  
 (please)

Happy

Happy to me, the Man that Sickness knows,  
 Or falls by th' Sword, and sinks beneath his Foes,  
 The Earth to such will kindly give a Grave,  
 The Decent Rites of Burial they have;  
 Their Friends expecting what they wou'd have  
     (done,  
 Are nigh, and ready to perform the same,  
 The Wat'ry People that inhabit Seas,  
 Can claim no Priviledge, at all of these:  
 Believe me Heav'n, worthy such a Fate,  
 Besides 'tis I, that am unfortunate,  
 Why shou'd these suffer that are better sent,  
 Not for their Crimes, they're innocent,  
 'Tis I, not they, deserv'd the Basishment.  
 Ye Gods, whose Voices calm, or swell the Flood,  
 Too long an Instance of your Power you've  
     (show'd,  
 Your Thunder stop, that I may safely tread  
 The Distant Shore, that Cæsar has decreed,  
 Shou'd you resolve to take away my Breath,  
 Cæsar, he judg'd my Crime was less than Death;

He cou'd have kill'd, without your Leave, or  
 And I did disowne what base browne Pow'r,  
 When e're he speaks, the Criminal's no more ;  
 And tho' before his Throne I guilty stand,  
 I never did, ye Gods, your Heav'n offend ;  
 Nay, shou'd you snatch me from the Waves I fear,  
 My Ruin still, is much, ah ! much too near,  
 My Doom is Banishment to Lands unseen,  
 Where I must live an Exile for my Sin ;  
 The Hopes of Wealth ne're tempted me to this,  
 Those little Thoughts, I always cou'd despise,  
 Nor yet a Rambling Humour, that once sway'd,  
 And carry'd me to Athens, when unbread,  
 No Curiosity to see the Towns,  
 That Asia from the Neighb'ring Quarter Bounds,  
 Nor does my Vanity to Egypt lead,  
 To see how Nilus seven Streams are fed ;  
 I rather wish the Winds wou'd guide the Ship,  
 Conduct us safely thro' the troubl'd Deep,  
 And tho' I see Augustus Face no more,  
 Banish the Court, Despis'd, Forlorn, and Poor,

I'm Shipwrackt yet, a second Punishment,  
 Deny'd the very place of Banishment, }  
 Too great a Favour to be safly fent; das I li }  
 If any part of *Ovid*, Gods, you love, }  
 My Pray'rs your Goodnes, one wond't think  
 ( shou'd move,  
 Your later Orders, shou'd the storm appease, }  
 Confine the Winds, and plain the swelling Seas, }  
 Cesar, tho' angry, he expected this.  
 When to the Pontick Land he order'd me,  
 He little thought I in a storm shou'd dye;  
 The first severe; my Crime I don't defend,  
 At most, I dare but lessen, what he has condem'd.  
 The Gods they know, what Princes cannot plead,  
 No wicked meaning in my Fault I had,  
 Blind Error led me thro' untrodden Ways,  
 And Folly lost me in the wondrous Maze,  
 But if *Augustus* House I always lov'd,  
 Next Heaven, *Augustus* Power approv'd,  
 If I have offer'd in *Augustus* Name,  
 If I have pray'd a Long, and Happy Reign;

Let

Let my Obedience mitigate my Sin,  
The Seas grow calm, the Air serene;  
Or if I ask too much, and feebly pray,  
May I expect my Death without Delay.  
Enough: my Pray'rs already reach the Skies,  
And mount a Welcome, Happy Sacrifice,  
The Clouds are by the stronger Powers chas'd,  
The Winds allay'd, the Seas already pleas'd,  
The Gods I pray'd, by me were ne're deceiv'd,  
Or e're provok'd, but always were believ'd.  
And being unprovok'd, they've all reliev'd.

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## ELEGY

# ELEGY III.

*How he went from Rome: The Concern  
he left his Wife in, and how  
his Friends and Family lamented  
his Departure,*

**S**ad was the Night, but blacker far my Fears,  
My Wife, my Children, Servants, all, in  
Tears,  
To think the Morrow's too too hasty Light,  
Must snatch a Husband, Father, Master, from  
My Eyes tho' I had wept so much before,  
Kept time with theirs, and greedily run o're,  
And yet no mind I had to think that I,  
Must leaye not only them, but Italy;

All

All Preparations for the way delay'd,  
 As Cesar had forgiv'n, and I had staid,  
 Servants, nor yet Companions did I choose,  
 Nor Gold, nor Cloaths of necessary Use,  
 Amaz'd ! I stood like one by Thunder struck,  
 That lives, but never can forget the stroke,  
 When some faint Dawning of my Sense appear'd,  
 My Griefs look'd less, tho' still they shew'd I fear'd,  
 I call'd my Friends the very few that staid,  
 Sighing — at last, Farewell, my Friends, I said ;  
 Friends in misfortunes are so rarely known,  
 I rather wonder'd of the many, I had one :  
 My Wife she lockt me in a close Embrace,  
 Fixt her swoln Eyes, and prest me to her Face,  
 My Daughter that to Africa I sent,  
 Knew nothing of her Father's Banishment,  
 Too many they, alas, at Home that staid,  
 And wept as tho' some Funeral they had,  
 If great Examples, humble Sorrows take,  
 Such was the Groaps, when ancient Troy was  
 sack'd,

Twas

'Twas then, when Night her deepest mourning  
 had,  
 All things but us, so silent, they seem'd dead.  
 I fixt my Eye upon the lofty Capitol,  
 Joyn'd to my House, that's like that Building tall,  
 Ye Gods that love this Fair frequented Place,  
 And Temples where your Votary I was,  
 I was, but never more must be, and yet  
 Hear me ye Gods, from Heav'n, your other Seat,  
 Tho' I too late my wounded Body guard,  
 Torn by the Sentence that I lately heard,  
 Let Banishment if not attone, suffice,  
 To reconcile me to the People's Voice ;  
 Tell Cesar tho' I sion'd, 'twas Ignorance,  
 Design ne're prompted to the great Offence.  
 This you can witness, and can witness true,  
 Tell Cesar this, he must believe from you.  
 Thus I implor'd, while still my Wife she prays,  
 With Tears repeated for the God's delays,  
 Till Sobs cut off the Priviledge of Words,  
 And Wild Disorders no Relief affords,  
 Her Breath return'd, she panting lies along,  
 Prays our Penates, as she'd often done,

But

But they, as deaf, as common Statues stood,  
Made by some Vulgar Artist, of the meanest  
Wood.

While day advances with a hasty Pace,  
The last that I, in Italy must Pass,  
Uncertain what to do, so much I lov'd  
My Family, so much my Country mov'd :  
How often did I say to those that prest,  
That I wou'd use the little Time I'd left !  
Why do you urge me ? whither shou'd I go ?  
Where ? do but tell me what you'd have me do.  
How often did I drive th' uneasy thoughts away !  
E're to the utmost minute of my stay ;  
Thrice I the Threshold touch'd, and try'd to go,  
My mind unwilling, thrice my Foot withdrew ;  
Often the kind, sad Word, Farewell, I'd give,  
And often gone, repeated Kisses leave,  
O how my Eyes were fafn'd on my Wife !  
My mind obedient, giving all my Life ;  
How much we lov'd, while Dear Delights  
How we improv'd each Night with lasting Joys !

Why shou'd I go, I said, to Scyhine  
 Leave much lov'd Rome, and try the Faithless Sea.  
 An cruel Sentence ! that must absence give,  
 For Love, a faint remembrance only leave,  
 'Twas very hard, to snatch me from my better  
 And wound my Wife, by breaking of my Heart.  
 To banish me my Friends, that neareſt stood,  
 Like Theseus Valiant, and like Theseus Good :  
 Thus while I talkt, the Fleeting Minutes past,  
 Half Words imperfectly my Thoughts exprest,  
 I Kist, and Sigh'd, and sadly lookt the Rest.  
 When Day broke through the Windows of the  
 Stars disappear'd, but Lucifer encraſt,  
 So strangely, so amaz'd, I lifeless stood,  
 Nor thinking, speaking, looking as I shou'd,  
 No more my Brains their ancient Uses know,  
 Than Legs cut off, without the Body joint  
 So Priam griev'd, when he thonlate beheld  
 The Grecian Horse, with chosen Soldiers fill'd ;  
 Like Trojans then, tho' much in number less,  
 My Family their Griefs in Cries exprest,

My

My Wife while standing, leaning on my Neck,  
 Mixt with her Tears, her last dear Words she  
 (spoke,  
 We must not part, I'll know thy latest Care,  
 Shall Ovid suffer, and his Wife not share ?  
 A Passenger i'th' very Ship I'll go,  
 The same far Land, shall both our Sorrows  
 (know,  
 Love forces me, and Caesar's Anger you.  
 Thus did she talk, and sigh, despair and groan,  
 Repeat again, what just before she'd done,  
 Till at the last, with Hair disorder'd all,  
 Wild as my Griefs, my Face a Funeral,  
 With much ado, I spoke the last Farewell.  
 They say, for now no more her Form I saw,  
 Half dead she fell, when I resolv'd to go,  
 With all the Instances of Horror seen,  
 Dissolv'd in Tears, careless, deform'd, unclean,  
 Her Limbs the Gods with such Exactness made,  
 Like common Blood, upon the Ground were laid,  
 Limbs, that the Gods had often stood to view,  
 Form'd by their own, and as exactly true:  
 Thus

Thustho' distracted, still she often pray'd,  
Again, she wou'd recall the Words she said,  
Weep her Penates, with her Husband fled,  
Then as she'd seen me, ( Tears run down so fast )  
Spread on a Pile, and breathing out my last :  
One while her Death she fondly wou'd expect,  
Again she'd live, but only in respect,  
She'd live, to serve her *Ovid* in his Cares,  
And may she live, live long to ease my Fears.  
Now the *Ionian* Sea all rough we plough,  
Not as the Merchants, but as Strangers do, }  
Men that are forc'd unwillingly to go,  
Bless me ! what boylst'rous, strange, unheard of } ( Winds,  
Blackens the Sea, and shakes the quicker Sands ?  
A Daring Wave, that undistinguisth flys,  
Profane, assaults the very Deities,  
As tho' because, upon our Ship they're made, }  
The Gods no other place had ever had,  
No, never thunder'd from their blest Abode. }  
The Pilot's Horror in his face we view,  
No hopes of gaining any Port he knew :

YDHEE C

C

48

As when a resty Horse, a weak man rides,  
 With care awhile, the Rasper'd Beast he guides,  
 But when he can no more his mouth command,  
 He throws the Rains, and rides him to a stand :  
 Just so, our Pilot, did our Vessel guide,  
 'Till all too little for the Waves, and Tide,  
 Then like the Horseman, let's her drive apace,  
 Without the Rains with which she guided was.  
 And if the God that Thunders from his Den,  
 Had not chais'd up an Awkward Wind again,  
 Much worse we'd far'd, for back we went,  
 Half to the Place from whence *Augustus* sent,  
 Which made me Pray, with earnest Accents too,  
 The Gods wou'd hear me, that *Augustus* knew ;  
 Heare me I cry, for once forgive my Crime,  
 One *Jove*'s enough to Thunder at a time,  
 Snatch my Departing Life from Gaping Death,  
 Give me the Priviledge a while to Breath,  
 And if your Power can reverle my Doom,  
 Let *Cæsar* smite, and I again see *Rome*.

## ELEGY

# ELEGY IV.

To his Friend that had been serviceable  
to him in his Misfortunes: Towards  
the latter end of the Elegy he com-  
pares his Sufferings with Ulysses's,  
but makes 'em much greater.

**M**Y better self! whose Friendships run so <sup>(high,</sup>  
My very Life's a Debt, my Friend, to <sub>(thee,</sub>  
Well I remember the sad time, when you,  
Officious in the Service you cou'd do,  
Advis'd me kindly, and would often Sigh,  
And argue still, when I resolv'd to dye?  
You know to whom I speak, I need not name,  
This Sign implies as much, as Letters can:

Here in the close Recesses of my Soul,  
 I keep each Circumstance entirely whole,  
 And when Pale Death shall summon me away,  
 The latest Instance of the Time I stay,  
 I'll breath your Praise, and his commands obey. }  
 For so much kindness, may the Gods bestow,  
 More than you ask, all that the Happy'st know,  
 My Fortune still be proud to serve you well,  
 Dispence her best, nothing of what I feel :  
 But had not Winds detain'd me on the Sea,  
 Then I ad known less, much less perhaps of thee :  
 Fam'd Pirithous, ne'r knew his *Theseus* Faith,  
 Till his last Act had hurry'd him to Death,  
 When *Theseus* do's to deepest shades descend,  
 And dares the Furies that detain his Friend :  
 Nor had great *Pylades* his Friendships shown,  
 Had his *Orestes* never Dangers known :  
 Had not the *Rutili* *Eury'lus* slain,  
 No Story of his *Nisus* wou'd remain :  
 As Gold refin'd by Fire, is purer far,  
 So Friends by being try'd more certain are,

While

While Fortune drops her use of Wings, and stays,  
 Always appearing in an easie Dress,  
 Airy, yet constant, when less free, still good,  
 While thus, her Fav'rite's lifted by the Croud,  
 Happy, he lives the general Applause,  
 All is admired that he says, or does,  
 Friends are so many, that he only fears,  
 He shall be less his own, and too much theirs,  
 When Fortune jealous of her Constancy,  
 Assumes her Wings, and shows that she can fly,  
 Vain were his Fears of all the flatt'ring Crew,  
 Not one, my Friend, that stays or loves like you,  
 Regardless, as a Man unknown, he goes,  
 And he that cring'd but yesterday, scarce bows:  
 This from th' Unfortunate, I early drew,  
 But little thought, that I shou'd prove it true,  
 Not four I'd left, that wou'd my Dangers share,  
 Th' other, not mine, they Fortune's were,  
 Let this ye Pious few, Compassion move,  
 Assist, nor be afraid my Friends, to love,  
 No angry Being will believe you sin,  
 Or from his Heav'n curse your good Design,

Cesar he lov'd, in Enemies, a Soul like this,  
 Nor can it please him in his Subjects less,  
 My Case is better too, no Plots I've laid,  
 My Folly only, has my ease betray'd,  
 Then Pray those Guardians that our Earth attend,  
 They'd Punish less, when we their Pow'r offend.  
 If any one wou'd know my present Grief,  
 It's so Prodigious, it is past Belief,  
 The Stars are, than my Wrongs in number less,  
 Nor can the Atoms that i'th' Sun encrease,  
 Distinctly, all the wondrous Tale express.  
 So strange, so terrible the thousands seem,  
 They're more than e're the Melancholy Dream,  
 Part, tho' uppermost, are yet supprest,  
 And never must go farther than my Breast:  
 Ye Poets, that Ulysses wrongs recite,  
 Instead of his, your Ovid's Sufferings write:  
 'Tis true, he spent a certain Term of Years,  
 And wandring bent beneath some Cares,  
 Between Dulichium, and Troy he steer'd,  
 This was no Distance to be so much fear'd,  
 But

But we, in widest Seas so far from Home,  
 Must sail, where Stars are seen before unknown?  
 He always had a faithful, certain Band,  
 A happy number at his sole Command,  
 So much I differ, from *Ulysses* here,  
 That of the many, I han't one, so near :  
 An Exile from a pleasant Country sent,  
 Had it been *Ithaca*, I'd been content,  
 Dulichium had scarce been Punishment,  
 But *Rome* ! from *Rome*, is more than Banishment !  
 From seven Hills she views remotest Lands,  
 Awful, with so much Majesty she stands,  
 That highest Gods have made her their Retreat,  
 And *Rome* next Heaven, sure's the sweetest Seat.  
*Ulysses* Body, long inur'd to war,  
 Knew nothing of the Ills, the weaker fear,  
 So different a Mould from his, is mine,  
 I've often shrank at what I've only seen,  
 Instead of War, my Books, my Care have been.  
 While *Jove* he breaks his Thunder on my Head,  
 Had I more Friends, in vain wou'd be their Aid ;

A Goddess Guarded him with nicest care,  
 Snatch'd him from all the Dangers that were  
 (near.

And since he's less, that Governs in the Seas,  
 Than he that Governs in the highest Skie's,  
 Much better was his Fate, my Friend, than mine,  
*Jove* ruins me, while *Neptune* threatn'd him:  
 But then, think how the greatest part is made,  
 Only suppos'd, the half he never had,  
 My Griefs are all too certain, much too plain,  
 No Fable do's embellish ought that's mine.  
 Besides : At last he reach'd his Household Gods,  
 Pray'd his Penates in their old Abodes,  
 But I can never hope *Ulysses* Place,  
 'Till *Cesar* smiles, and Heaven thunders less.

## ELEGY

# ELEGY V.

*He writes to his Wife, and takes Occasion to Command the Constancy of her Affection, Compares her with the best of her Sex, but excuses his Inability in Writing, while he is still Wrack'd by his Misfortunes.*

**A**pollo Lydia lov'd, but not as I,  
My Dearest Wife, have always, Child,  
(lov'd thee,  
Philetus tho' his Nymph, and Song, Divine,  
Lov'd not his Battis, with a Love like mine,  
You so entirely have each part of me,  
That my Affection a'most merits thee,  
But ah my Injuries! and yet I find,  
You smile, my Dear, tho' all the World's unkind,

Your

Your Prudence guards me from severest Foes,  
 That think, my Freedom e'nt enough to lose,  
 Men that wou'd Rob me of my Life, Estate,  
 And all the Goods I ever valu'd yet.

As a Devouring Wolf, by Hunger Led,  
 Ranges the Field, and eager thirsts for Blood,  
 When he espies, Ungarded, from afar,  
 Some Sheep, that have escap'd their Shepherd's  
 To furnish his Table with fresh Care, }  
 He takes his Prey, nor will the weakest spare, }  
 Or as a Vulture Hovering to seize,  
 Some wretched Carrass, that unbury'd lies,  
 So did these strive, by Force to ruin me,  
 While guarded still on e'ry side by Thee,  
 Hector's Andromache, of Old so Fam'd,  
 Must not be mention'd, Dear, when you are  
 (nam'd,  
 She wept her Hector, whom Achilles slew,  
 Paid the accustom'd Rites that Widdows do,  
 But living, never cou'd oblige like You.  
 Good Laodamia they so much Boast,  
 Was never known till she her Husband lost.  
 Had

Had you been *Homer's* Wife, so good a Theme,  
 Had made his Lines, tho' strong, more perfect  
 ( seem,  
 Penelope her self much less had own'd,  
 She at the most, had been but second found,  
 Whether indulgent Nature gave you this,  
 Fond to Compose so great, exact a piece,  
 Or if a less than Heaven we admit,  
 Some Pious Matron made you so compleat,  
 I cannot tell, so very great's your share,  
 My wrongs are fewer, than your Virtues are,  
 Alas, my Verse is all too weak, too small my Skill,  
 To paint the thousand Graces I wo'd tell,  
 Was but my Mind as undisturb'd, and free,  
 Easie, my Dear, as you have known it be,  
 Generous, I'd give you then the highest Place,  
 Set you with Heroins of the nicest Race,  
 And make the wondring World, at once confess,  
 The greatest, and the best of them, much less,  
 And tho' my Verse this lustre cannot give,  
 Yet in my Numbers you shall Ages live.

## ELEGY

# ELEGY VI.

*To his Friends that us'd to wear his  
Picture, engraven upon Golden  
Plates.*

**Y**OU that my Picture fondly us'd to wear,  
That Instance of your Friendship you  
(may spare,  
However, take the Ornaments away,  
The Ivy that I wore, is much too gay,  
Such a Poetick, Airy Garb as that,  
Becomes the Happy only, and the Great,  
Whose better Stars still guard 'em from ill Fate,  
Not such as I, that sink beneath the weight :  
Methinks I see some Friend, concern'dly stand,  
Viewing the Golden Image in his Hand,

And

And often crying as he walks along,  
 Heavens ! how far my Dear Companion's gone !  
 'Tis kind, but such their *Ovid* better see,  
 When they behold him in his Poetry,  
 The lively'st Image that the Wretched know,  
 This paints themselves, and their Misfortunes too,  
 Read my chang'd shapes, tho' there is scarce a  
 ( thought,  
 Good as design'd, and finisht as it ought,  
 No sooner was the fatal Sentence Read,  
 But all my Art, was with my Freedom fled,  
 Imperfect thus, what I'd with pains begun,  
 I burnt the scatter'd Papers that I'd done,  
 As *Theseus*, is said, to burn her Son. }  
 And yet methoughts 'twas very hard, that they,  
 Shou'd feel the flames, that cou'd not disobey,  
 But so it was, partly indeed, in spite,  
 To the first Muse, that flatter'd me to write,  
 Till by Degrees, the Tribe my Ruin prove,  
 Falsly perswading me to write of Love,  
 And partly, 'cause they rude, and naked lay,  
 Artless, and nothing what they were to be,

But

But since they've stole the Press, may they succeed,  
 Admonish, and Delight my Friends, that Read,  
 Tho' Criticks, they may damn 'em by a Law,  
 They shou'd be tender, that the Reason know,  
 As when an Artist wants the last best Stroak,  
 Tho' he with Pains may have abundance struck,  
 His great Design, must yet unhappy look,  
 Thus all my Lines, the latest Pencil want,  
 Still to refine, before abroad they're sent,  
 But place these Verses, with the Foremost Line,  
 And these will show they're born a'fore their time,  
 Be kind and gentle, whloer thou art,  
 Don't you too nicely view an Orphan's Part,  
 Snatch't from his Parent's Funeral in hast,  
 Kickt into th' World unlick't, by much too Fast,  
 What tho' we Judgment want, we've Innocence,  
 And this in Infants is a good Defence,  
 The Poet's Muse in better Times may smile,  
 And he your Kindness own, and you his Skill.

## ELEGY

# ELEGY VII.

*He Complains of an Acquaintance, that  
after a long Familiarity, had given  
him some reason to suspect his  
Friendship.*

**B**ack from the Seas shall Rolling Waters  
And visit Fountains where they first began :  
The Char'oteer shall drive an unknown way,  
Rise in the West, and change the present day :  
The Earth admit of Stars all spangl'd be,  
And Ploughs shall make deep Furrows in the Sky :  
The Elements shall change their wonted state,  
Water shall burn, and Fire like Water, wet :

AD

All this, tho' strange, I Prophesie, since you  
 Prove false, I've known so long, and thought so  
 ( true,  
 Lord ! That a Man cou'd so regardless stand !  
 Foolishly Fearful, to assist his Friend,  
 Nay, not so much as decently to sigh,  
 Or show the common Signs of Sympathy ,  
 Was such a strange, unheard Stupidity ! }  
 That you, the Sacred Name of Friend shou'd hate,  
 And all the Offices of Kindness quit !  
 What if you had a well-bred Visit paid ?  
 And lookt, and talkt, as other Courtiers did,  
 Offer'd some Reasons to allay my Grief,  
 This had seem'd kind, and that is some Relief,  
 Tho' your sincerity cou'd give no Tears,  
 You might have Flatter'd with affected Pray'rs,  
 However, at the least, you might have say'd,  
 Farewell, I'm sorry, as the People did,  
 Some that were Strangers, and no ways alli'd,  
 Did more than this, affectionately cry'd,  
 Then, how much more, might I expect from you,  
 That call'd me Friend, and all my Secrets knew,

The

The Dear Companion of my tender Hours,  
 My Goods, my self, my very Soul was yours,  
 How blest I was, when *Rome* first showed me you,  
 Brought us acquainted, made me think you true,  
 Has your repeated Oaths no force to bind?  
 All general, and common as the Wind,  
 Sure *Rome*, the great good Place I leave,  
 Cou'd ne'r nurse you, no Monsters she can have,  
 Rather some Rock within the *Scythian* Sea,  
 Damn'd for a thousand Murders e'ry day,  
 Where Female Tygers ~~Nur~~<sup>Feed</sup> you at their Breast,  
 Found you a Man, but Chang'd you to a Beast.  
 But still there's one way left, and only one,  
 Freely to own the Injuri's you've done,  
 By this, tho' late, you may oblige me so,  
 I may commend you, as I blame you now.

D E L E

# ELEGY VIII.

## To his Friend.

*He shows him the Levity of the Vulgar, how meanly they attend upon Fortune, and withdraw their Services in Affliction : He takes Occasion to Commend his Friend, for several Qualifications, and concludes the Elegy with an Instance of his Friendship.*

**M**ay you live long, my Friend, and always  
 ( well,  
 Know nothing of the Ills the wretched  
 ( Feel,  
 And tho' my Pray'r's, for me, the Gods despise,  
 The same, for you, may Mount a Sacrifice.

While

While Fortune's yours, a Croud will hov'ring be,  
 Fondly Commending all they hear, and see ;  
 No sooner do's the Fickle Goddess Frown,  
 But all your Parasites, my Friend, are gone :  
 As Doves for new built Houses do prepare,  
 While Ruin'd Towers all neglected are,  
 As gath'ring Ants to crowded Barns do come,  
 So do's the Vulgar to the Richest Run :  
 As in the Sun your Shaddow do's Attend,  
 And Walks, and Turns, and Cringes as you Bend,  
 But when a Cloud appears, the Part's no more,  
 Tho' it seem'd more than half of you, before :  
 So vulgar Souls will Dance to Fortune's Light,  
 A Cloud once spread, they Vanish out of sight.  
 Heav'n knows my Soul ! I very often sigh,  
 And passionately Pray the Gods for Thee,  
 That these may all, my Friend, seem false to you,  
 Tho' I by sad Experience find 'em True :  
 While I was Prosperous, as others great,  
 What Crouds, for Favours, wou'd my House  
     (beset,

The Building struck, the Wary People Fly,  
 By one consent, avoiding what was nigh,  
 Nor do I Wonder, that they Thunder Fear,  
 Whose fiery Bolts, the strongest eas'ly Tear :  
 Yet *Cæsar*, in adversity has said,  
 That Man's the best that by his Friend has stay'd :  
 When good *Orestes* Worth fierce *Thoas* knew,  
 He Prais'd the Love in *Pylades* he saw :  
*Hector*, he often *Patroclus* approv'd,  
 Tho' he his Enemy *Achilles* lov'd :  
 When *Theseus* waited on his Friend in Death,  
*Pluto* cou'd scarce believe so great a Truth,  
 Convinc'd, he Mourn'd, and pitty'd him that Fell,  
 Crying himself, to see them love so well.  
 Alas, how Few my just Complaints, do move !  
 How few in *Rome*, like those of old, that Love !  
 So vast my Grief, so very much my Fears !  
 So Boundless are my ever falling Tears !  
 That did not you the mighty Torrent stay,  
 The Gath'ring Flood wou'd Threaten like a Sea,

You

You that have Courage to be Good, that Dare,  
 In greatest Dangers, for your Friend appear, }  
 Not meanly mov'd, as sordid Spirits are.

Nor is your Judgment than your Courage less,  
 Your Eloquence as well as Virtues Please,  
 When you Defend, the Nicest must Applaud,  
 Your Cause, your Words, your Thoughts so very  
 ( good,

Eas'ly I can, your Growing Fortune Read,  
 Some Greatness yet, as I have often sayd,  
 No superstitious Omens tell me this,  
 Tokens that fond, mistaken Zealots please,  
 My Reason's all the Augury I know,  
 By this, no other Prodigy, I go ;  
 By this instructed, Happiness I give,  
 Joy of the Present, and the Future Goods you'll  
 ( have,

The small Pretence I early had to Wit,  
 Ruin'd my Fortunes when I came to Write ;  
 Your better Arts, not like my Trifling Skill,  
 Has rais'd your Honour, and must raise it still ;

But yet you know, I ne'er was ill inclin'd,  
 My Thoughts were Sallie's of a youthful Mind ;  
 My Manners were not like my Verses, loose,  
 And Love, I only for Diversion Choose,  
 Then since you can excuse me, justly too,  
 Defend me still, as I have heard you do.

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## ELEGY IX.

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*In Praise of his Ship, with some short  
 Account of his Voyage.*

**J**ustly I Praise my Ship, so good, so fine,  
 She bears *Minerva's Name*, as well as mine,  
 So apt to sail, she moves with any Wind,  
 And hasty, leaves deserted Shores behind,  
 Proudly she scorns, but just to overcome,  
 But reaches those that long have been from Home,

Defy's

Defy's the strongest Billows, when they Beat,  
And Foaming, all their wonted Force repeat :  
I Boarded her, when I to *Corinth* came,  
And long without a Change I kept the same ;  
Thro' many Dangers I have safely steer'd,  
Always entreating *Pallas*, when I feard,  
And now I hope to Make the distant Land,  
The *Getick* Coast, *Augustus* do's command ;  
She bore me once, through boyst'rous, troubled  
( Seas,

A long, and mighty dang'rous Way to Pass,  
When standing to the Left, ( we shunn'd before )  
With much ado we made the *Imbrian* shore,  
Then with a gentle Wind, and calmer Sea,  
She eas'ly Touch'd at *Samos* in her Way ;  
O' th' other hand, there stands a lofty Wood,  
Fam'd for its Growth, and for it's neighbouring  
( Flood,

Here I the wide *Bistonian* Fields survey,  
Walking a Foot, while she puts off to Sea,  
From *Hellespont*, *Dardania* she Gain'd,  
And *Lampsacus*, far her *Priapus* Fam'd,

Then to the Seas, the same *Leander Croft*,  
 When Beauteous *Hero* urg'd him to be Lost,  
 From hence, she had Fair *Cyzicon* in view,  
 So famous for the Arts her People knew ;  
 Thence to *Byzantium* she Bore away,  
 Where we behold two Seas within one Bay,  
 And now, *Minerva*, grant that she may Pass,  
 Those Moving Isles that lye upon the Seas,  
 Next let her reach the *Thynnian* Bay, and Fall,  
 'Till she comes near *Anchialus* high Wall,  
 Then the *Mesembria*, and *Odesus* must Make,  
 And view some Towers for their *Bacchus* sake,  
 And those *Alcarbons*, when Wandring, Made,  
 With all the Household Gods he had,  
 So to *Miletus*, where's the Place I'm sent,  
 To end a weary Life in Banishment,  
 And if I safely tread th'expected shore,  
 I'll Sacrifice a Lamb to *Pallas Pow'r*,  
 Heav'n knows we can't at this time Compas-  
     ( more.  
 And you two Brothers, you this Illand Prays,  
 Conduct us in our double, diff'rent ways,

Let

Let one the *Euvine* make with happy Gales,  
 While the other to *Bifonia* sails,  
 Let Winds Convey us to the Place we wou'd,  
 Tho' diff'rent both, yet both have very good.

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## ELEGY X.

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This is an Apology for the fore-going  
 Elegies, the whole Book being made  
 during the Fatigue of his Travels,  
 which he urges in Excuse.

**T**Here's not a Letter, Reader, but I writ,  
 Unhappily pursuing my ill Fate ;  
 I writ it most in cold December's Frost,  
 While the Adriatick with her Billows Tosst,  
 The rest I Finish'd when the *Isthmus* passt,  
 We all took Ship again, and sail'd in haste,

So odd a Thought, amaz'd the *Cyclades*,  
 To see a Poet writing on the Seas ;  
 I Wonder'd too, the Patience of my Muse,  
 That in a Storm, she shou'd not then Refuse,  
 The Waves, alas, had never been her use. }  
 The World may call it Madness, what they please,  
 But this I know, my Verses gave me ease,  
 Tho' Threatning Signs they dreadfully appear'd,  
 And Waters in Disorder show'd they Fear'd,  
 Sometimes the Ship seem'd Bury'd in the Sea,  
 Still I writ on, the very Lines you see ;  
 When *Boreas* with all his Force prevails,  
 Stretches our Cables, Ruffling all our Sails,  
 While Waters, parting by the Storm's command, }  
 Roll into Hills, like highest Heaps of Sand,  
 Or rather, Taller Mountains on the Land. }  
 The Pilot affrighted, thoughtless of his Art,  
 Begins to Pray, a very awkward Part ;  
 With much a doe, half words he stammering said,  
 And Promis'd all the Gods he wou'd be good ;

The Gods, regardless, wou'd not take his Word,  
 Nor any Comfort for his Pray'r's afford :  
 All things lookt Ghastly that I heard, and saw,  
 While still Death's Image kept within my view,  
 When various Thoughts were strugling in my  
     ( Mind,  
 I Pray'd, I Fear'd, my Fears, my Pray'r's inclin'd,  
 One while I'd Pray to make the distant Land,  
 Then I'de in haste recall that Pray'r again,  
 Tho' Heaven knows, I fear'd the Winds and Sea,  
 Yet still the Land, seem'd fiercer much than they,  
 At Home, where Tempests only make a Noise,  
 There, ah there ! at *Rome*, I 'ad Enemies,  
 What must I then in unknown Nations find,  
 Monsters in Nature, rude, il-bred, unkind,  
 These Terms too mild, and favourably run,  
 For Creatures, only in their Likeness, Men,  
 Whose chieffest Art's a barbarous Delight,  
 Some knowledge in the Battels that they Fight :  
 Besides, to these with Disrepute I go,  
 Banish'd by *Cesar*, so st. Home a Foe :

These.

These Thoughts, a Storm within my Breast had  
made,

The other might, this never cou'd be laid.

Now Reader, if you're generous, and good,

If you can Pardon, as a Reader shou'd,

My Faults in this Disorder you will Pass,

Think on the Time, each Circumstance of Place,

Think too, that I have more Correctly Writ,

When safe on Land, in Arbours I have late,

My Body ne'er was us'd to Frosts like these,

Nor was I e'er in Winter on the Seas,

And now I'm there by much to soon I find,

But grant ye Gods, you Gods that once were

{ Kind,

The Winds, and Frost, may with my Verses end.

*The End of the First Book.*

The Second BOOK  
O F  
Ovid de Tristibus  
IMITATED.

To Augustus Cæsar.

Urg'd by my Fate, I write, again I Try,  
As tho' the Muses had not Ruin'd me,  
'Twas they Perswaded, Cæsar, what you Read,  
And thought my Life was like my Verses, lewd ;  
Had I been Wise, I'd Hated 'em at first,  
The Learned Sisters, as the Poets boast,  
A Rhyming Crew, their Smiles, like a Disease,  
Quickly Confound their very Votary's ;

This

This I have often known, and yet possest,  
 To these I fly, of these alone seek Rest :  
 So beaten Fencers, Challenges repeat,  
 And give their Mangl'd Bodies to be hit,  
 So Shipwrack't Vessels, plough the swelling Main,  
 And dare the very self-same Rocks again :  
 Less may my Dangers be, rather like him,  
 He that was heal'd and wounded with the same,  
 My Muse that mov'd the great *Augustus* so,  
 May she the same *Augustus* soften now,  
 The Gods, they say, in numbers soonest hear,  
 And always answer first a Poet's Pray'r,  
 So, *Cæsar* made the *Italian* Matrons bow,  
 In Numbers offer, what their *Opis* knew ;  
 So, *Phæbus* was address'd in aptest Plays,  
 Nor did *Apollo* scorn the Poet's Bays,  
 By these Examples, *Cæsar*, may you go,  
 If it's too much to pardon, milder grow,  
 Should I deny your Justice, I shou'd sin,  
 And impudently move your Wrath again,  
 But had not I, offending, urg'd you so,  
 You then had wanted to forgive me now,

Shou'd

Shou'd Jove as often thunder, as we sin,  
 Unarm'd, the God, a thousand times had bin ;  
 No, when his Thunder's gone, the Noise no more,  
 The Air is purer than it was before,  
 By this, he's Father of the Gods and Men,  
 By this, he lives a Long and Happy Reign,  
 Cæsar, like him, is *Pater Patriæ*,  
 Cæsar commands, and thunders too as he,  
 Then like him too, be absolutely good,  
 Pardon your Ovid, as the God he wou'd,  
 Nor yet less good, than great, do's Cæsar live,  
 So many Instances of both we have.  
 Often the Parthians have own'd you kind,  
 So God-like is the Temper of your Mind,  
 You Pardon'd, tho' again the People sinn'd,  
 Riches, and Honours, I have known you give,  
 To Enemies, that wou'd not have you live,  
 You scorn the Methods Meaner Princes know,  
 By better Arts you can Oblige us so,  
 That all must Love, as well as Fear you too.  
 That day that War has threatned all before,  
 That very day, your Anger has been o're,

Both

Both Sides to th' Temple have their Offerings  
 ( brought,  
 The Conquer'd pleas'd, so brave the Victor fought,  
 And as your Souldier's fond to overcome,  
 Others by yours, are Proud to be out-done :  
 My Case is better than a Foe's appears,  
 I make no Plots, nor cause you open Wars,  
 I Swear by Heav'n, and every Blest Abode,  
 By *Cæsar's* dearest self, a Present God,  
 My Soul do's such Obedience afford,  
 Intirely yours, it knows no other Lord ;  
 I've wisht that you might late to Heaven Go,  
 When Life, through Age, grew Troublesome  
 ( below,  
 When you were weary of an Empire here,  
 The Gods for your Reception might Prepare,  
 And Place *Augustus* in an Empire there : }  
 As often as my Gifts the Altars had,  
 Witness, ye Gods ! this was the Pray'r I made.  
 My Books, tho' one of them became my Crime,  
 They most, nay That, do's often *Cæsar* Name ;  
 By this I my Obedience gave,  
 Not that you, Lustre from my Lines cou'd have,

dotti

To

To such a Height no Poet e're cou'd Fly; also smot  
 Yet all that Write have liberty to try; also and T  
*Jove* can't be greater, nor his Acts more good,  
 Yet Praise in Verse has often pleas'd the God; W  
 He lov'd the Song, and own'd the Story true; up to  
 How *Gyants Pelion on Off' a threw*, a broad back  
 Such Beauty in the Thought, so strong the Sense,  
 Poets have had a Privilege e're since; Much good will  
 The Gods a thousand Bullocks they have had, and  
 All bleeding fresh upon their Altars laid; allayd  
 And yet tho' us'd to Plenty, when a Lamb, L v. viii  
 A single Offering to their Temple came; also of T  
 The Gods wou'd smile, and take the Sacrifice, o E  
 For this alone, they'd Bless their Volary's: big of T  
 Unlucky Chance! or rather dam'd Design, lo E  
 Who e're he was at first, was so unkind, ed Bell et al  
 To read my Verses to so chaste an Ear, v. 8 now w. A  
 Good as the yet unthinking Virgins are, and I ed T  
 That don't so much as Tremble in a Dream, so o E  
 Or Grasp the Image of the Youth they've seen; A  
 My looser Lines have such Impressions made, ed Bell et al  
 You think the Present, as the other, Bad; 21.1 v. M

Some jealous Favorite invented this,  
 Thus to undoe me by an Artifice ;  
 Methinks I hear how spitefully he read,  
 What envious Comments on my Words he made,  
 How he wou'd blush, as Counterfeits they faint ;  
 Good Lord ! a Man shou'd be so impudent !  
 This is not strange, since every one approves,  
 The happy Man the great *Augustus* loves,  
 But surely damns, unheard, a Person's Crime,  
*Augustus* disapproving, thinks a Sin ;  
 Nay, I can hate my very self, and do,  
 To think I shou'd deserve a Frown from you,  
 To think I so much Goodness shou'd provoke,  
 To please a Humour that my Fancy took :  
 To see my old Acquaintance, how they run,  
 As I'd been mad, or some Infection known,  
 As when a weakn'd House at last gives way,  
 The Parts affected bear the most, they say,  
 So Fortune fickle, when she changes shape,  
 All things disorder'd, and unhappy look.  
 It is not many Months ago, since you,  
 My Life, and Manners, and my Bus'nes knew,

Often I've pleaded the Defendant's Part,  
 Not without Reputation, and some Art,  
 And tho' Superior Judges have lookt on,  
 They've all approv'd of what the Lawyer's done:  
 In private things I've wholly been in trust,  
 When both sides pleas'd have own'd me very just;  
 Ah me ! that I shou'd only now repeat,  
 Cæsar was kind, and I was fortunate,  
 Now the reverse of what I was, I sink  
 Beneath a weight too terrible to think,  
 The thousand Waves that other Vessels miss,  
 By one consent, on mine, together press :  
 Why did I see ? why did those Eyes behold ?  
 Why was a Fault unhappily thus told ?  
 Alas so, Diana had it view,  
 And only seeing her he perish'd too ;  
 No vile Design the angry Nymph cou'd know,  
 Aeson's only Crime was, that he saw,  
 For this he undiftengh'd falls a Prey,  
 Torn by his Dogs, that always did obey,  
 So when we heaven offend, tho' but by chance,  
 The Gods sometimes won't pardon the Offence :

That Day, that Error led me from the Right,  
 And Drew me to a Way remote from it,  
 That very day, my House but small, yet Good,  
 Was lost; and ruin'd, tho' the Building stood,  
 Yet not so small; but Honours she cou'd boast,  
 A long Descent from many Ages past.  
 Not infamously low, nor yet so high,  
 To crack of Riches with our Pedigree,  
 A safer way 'twixt both, by much there was,  
 Envy, nor Pity e'er tormenting us,  
 But had our Ancient Lands been lower yet,  
 I justly might expected to be'en great,  
 My Self an Ample Fortune by my Wit.  
 Tho' my late Lines are loose, and wanton Read,  
 While Nature prompted, and my Passion  
 The Thoughts are manly, and the Verses good,  
 Smooth are my Numbers, and my Sence entire,  
 Melting the Words, and apt for soft Desire;  
 That wondring Poets shall for Ages read,  
 And praise their Ovid for the Lines he made;

Curte

Curse o' my Fate! one single Fault shou'd damn me  
 Banish the Poet, and confound his Theime! I'm banish'd  
 From Love; from Stories of the Gods, and Men;  
 Forc'd to attempt Excuses for my Crime, in o't  
 Lost in the Mass ill-shoff'd Fates have Hurld, me  
 Wanting a Voice, like that that made the World;  
 Shou'd *Cesar* call, my Wrongs wou'd all obey,  
 And I for ever boast his Liberty; {  
 This wou'd compleat the Favours I enjoy. }  
 For more I fear'd, than in your Anger was,  
 That you my Life, at least Estate wou'd seize.  
 But far from this, at present I have all,  
 All, that by any right, my own I call, {  
 Not was my Fault, by voice of Senate Damn'd,  
 Or by a private way of Justice nam'd, also }  
 'Twas *Cesar's* Mouth pronounced my Banishment,  
 But call'd it by a lesser Punishment, {  
 Only Confin'd me to a distant Clime, agoH nolde I  
 There to Reflect his Goodness, and my Sin; }  
 And generous Souls are mov'd by Clemency, {  
 More than by Wracks, and Gibbets that they see;

Such Instruments of Death, the vulgar sway,  
 And make 'em honest, when they won't obey,  
 The other plead the freedom of their Mind,  
 To this or that, in spite of all inclin'd,  
 But when they're resolute, they shou'd be good,  
 Tho' through Mistakes, the best are sometimes  
 And kind forgiving Princes ne'er upbraid,  
 When they a happy Penitent have made:  
 As tallest Elms, by Heav'n's thunder-struck,  
 Ugly, despis'd, forlorn, and naked look,  
 Yet when the hated Bolt has long been past,  
 The Vines will meet, and twine, and kindly grasp,  
 Hug the dear suff'ring Trees, and kindly grow,  
 Tho' Gods themselves the Bolts in anger threw,  
 Thus when like Heav'n, I know you to be kind,  
 Your greatest Anger to be still confin'd,  
 I often Hope, again, I soon Despair,  
 To think tho' merciful, you're still severe;  
 Severely good, as happy Princes reign,  
 When I think thus, my Hopes are qualm'd again:

So Vessels riding on an Angry Sea,  
 Have different Degrees of Terror nigh;  
 One while the Winds in gentle Murmurs blow,  
 So very soft, you'd think no Rage they knew,  
 When they but stop their Breath, 't were more  
 And toss the Passengers, and Seamen worse; (Fierce)  
 So, various are the Passions in my Breast,  
 They give, again, they take away my Rest:  
 By Heav'n, that loves Augustus, and his Rose,  
 By all the Gods, that to our Altars come,  
 By my dear Country, safe, while you are so,  
 By all your Household Gods, and Subjects too,  
 May Rome for ever own her Caesar's Laws,  
 Fond of the Blessings, that his Reign bestows:  
 Long may your Life be your Care and Joy,  
 Noble, and Great, and Good, as she is High;  
 Long may she bless her Royal Husband's Bed,  
 With all th' engaging softness of a Bride,  
 When Nature form'd her for a Blessing here,  
 Caesar was then th' Almighty's chiefest Care,

'Twas then, he show'd the Wonders he cou'd do,  
 And show'd 'em all, in *Livia*, and you,  
 Your Son, that Promises his Part so soon.  
 May Heav'n preserve him for his Father's Throne;  
 Long may you both, secure your Empire's Peace,  
 Command, Instruct, and Govern at your Ease;  
 Or if the Toils of Bus'ness irksom grew,  
 May he do all the Wonders that you do;  
 May Victory that long has known your Tent,  
 Come to his Colours, and her self Present,  
 Hovering, with Wings officious fly,  
 And Crown him, with the Choicest Laurels night;  
 One Half still present, Governing at Home,  
 Your other self Commanding, far from *Rome*;  
 Pardon me now, if private Sufferings seem  
 To move the Poet, and Confine his Theme,  
 Pardon your *Quid*, and your Thunder Quit,  
 Half dead, with Bolts that have already Hit;  
 Father, that Word is an indulgent Name,  
 And mighty too, since Gods are call'd the same;  
 The Power much at one your Subjects know,  
 As God's above, so *Cæsar* Rules below;

Then

Then spare us Fathers of their Country do,  
 And take the Honours that I owe you Due;  
 I dare not pray you woud forgive my Sin,  
 Tho' Gods, they say, as kind as this, have bin,  
 Only confine me to a nearer Shore,  
 A gentler Banishment; Ie ask no more;  
 This will Alleviate the Cares I know,  
 Lessen the present Ills, that VVrack me now,  
 In VVide, remotest Lands, to live alone,  
 With such inhumane Creatures, far from Home!  
 Others there are that have offended you,  
 Their Crimes notorious as mine could be,  
 Yet these, were never sent, where I am come,  
 Nor knew, the many Dangers, that I've done,  
 Beyond me's all inhospitable Ground,  
 No Summer, but eternal Frosts are found,  
 Part of the Ennig Sea, which Rome commands,  
 Washes these Shoars below, Sarmisia stands  
 Recall me hence, tho' you deny me Peace,  
 'Tis Hell, to live in such a Place as this,  
 Besides, we have an old Italian Law,  
 Approy'd of long, and not disputed now,

That

That Free-born Subjects, of a Roman Race,  
 By Birth have Title to a better place,  
 Their Princes safe, they must not Captives be,  
 This early shew'd a Right to Liberty.  
 I sha'n't here name the sad, unhappy Fault,  
 That lost my Freedom, and Misfortunes brought,  
 But those of which my Enemies accuse,  
 I never thought, how loose so e're my Muse,  
 With these they've often vex'd your Royal Breast,  
 Provok'd your Anger, and destroy'd my Rest;  
 And all they said, you thought severely true,  
 Nor do I wonder you believ'd 'em so,  
 Since Gods have been deceiv'd as well as you.  
 When Jove looks down, to see the World below,  
 Condemn, approve, and know the things we do,  
 His leisure won't admit the nicest View:  
 So you, like him, tho' looking round about,  
 Some things a single look can never find out  
 Who can imagine States neglected Iye?  
 The thoughts of Empire left, for Poetry:  
 Easy the Weight, must on your Shoulders sit,  
 Had you your self consider'd what I Writ.

The bold *Panonia*, your strength defy's,  
Nor is *Illyrium* in perfect Peace  
They on the *Rhine*, their utmost Force prepare,  
And *Thracia* still employs you in a War ;  
*Armenia* parleys, when the *Parthians* show  
Their Spreading Colours, as a Warlike Foe ;  
*Germania* flys before your Bolder Son,  
Early made Brave, by Victories you won ;  
No Head but yours, cou'd so much Bus'ness do,  
With so much Ease, such mighty Order too !  
Your thoughts to travel all your Empire o're,  
And you, Uncall'd, manage such a Pow'r,  
No Part but Govern'd by your proper Care,  
Yet none to Want what's necessary there,  
Shows that your Soul had a peculiar Mould,  
Form'd by some Gods, and made to rule the  
World :  
Your Laws all Wise, and so Severely Good,  
Your Life, still stricter, than the Laws you made,  
Thus in a long Fatigue of Bus'ness seen,  
That you shou'd think of any thing of mine !

I own my Verses loose, unworthy far,  
To reach the pious, nice *Augustus Ear*,  
Besides these Lines the whole Design declare.

*You that with Fillets bind your Hair, be gone,*  
*Nor let the Matron with my Book be seen,*  
*I only sing of youthful, stolen Joys,*  
*And such Gay Thoughts, their Formal Wills dis-*

*please,*  
Yet nothing Guards a Mind that will be Bad,  
Preciest Matrons, when they please, are Lewd,  
And tho' they never heard, or saw my Book,  
Some will be Whores, and sin in e'ry Look,  
One she reads Annals, there perhaps she'll find,  
How *Lia*, a Vestal was enclin'd,  
When dreaming, *Mars* comprest the lovely Maid,  
And Bless her with the Double Birth she had ;  
Let her but look the well writ *Aeneids o're*,  
She willies, sighs, and thinks on *Venus Power*,  
Pity's poor *Dido*, when *Aeneas* falls,  
And Wonders that the Queen no more Prevails ;

There's

There's nothing, tho' the purest of the Kind,  
 That mayn't Corrupt a Heart, that's ill inclin'd,  
 But this is not enough to Damn a Book,  
 Because ill meaning has the Reader Took,  
 Shall we prohibit Fire our common Use,  
 Because Incendiari's Burn with this,  
 The Traveller and Thief, VVear Swords alike,  
 Because one Robs, shall t' other take a Stick,  
 Or shall we pious, ancient Cloysters Curse,  
 Because Maids talk pf Sweet Hearts, or of worse;  
 One in the very Temple, as she Prays to Jove,  
 Is thinking of the Stories of his Love,  
 Thinking how many Mothers he might make,  
 Wishing her self a Beauty for his sake  
 Another, she at Juno's Altar Prays,  
 And thinks how Fair Europa Crost the Seas,  
 Pity's poor Juno, by her Jove betray'd,  
 The God so often Changing as he did,  
 But VVishes still she'd bin the Charming Maid,  
 Shou'd she Minerva's awful Statue see,  
 So Good, so Tall, so full of Majesty

HcH

Some

Some Story still her strong desire wou'd find,  
 How Endymion was born afore his Time,  
 Because the Goddess bid him, as they say,  
 And sure if Goddesses such Pranks will play,  
 Inferior Nymphs their Waiting Women may.  
 }  
 All things, a Person eas'ly turns to ill,  
 Whose chiefest Law's the Dictates of his Will;  
 The gravest Matrons have beheld in paint,  
 The lewdest Forms, the Artist cou'd invent;  
 The Vestals have beheld th' Intreague of Stews,  
 The various ways, those Prostitutes abuse,  
 And yet the Painter if the Piece was good,  
 Receiv'd the Brasles that an Artist shou'd:  
 But why? Oh why? did I unhappy write,  
 Fond o' th' Fantastick Character, a Wit,  
 My wanton Genius, hurrying me along,  
 And never resting, till I was undone?  
 Why did not I, like other Poets, move?  
 Thunder out Battles, Wars, not whine out Love?  
 Troy had engag'd me in a Noble Strain,  
 And inoffensive too, my Thoughts had bin,

ame2

Here

Here I had told the *Grecian Policy*,  
 And *Troy's unfortunate Security*  
 Or had this bin an antiquated Theme,  
 I might have sung as well of greater *Rome*,  
 This had been pious, and a Subject's part,  
 Duty excus'd the Nicety of Art ;  
 Tho' *Cesar* had not been oblig'd by this,  
 His Worth, so much exceeding all my Praise,  
 He must have pardon'd an officious Muse.

As *Phæbus* darting Rays affect our Eyes,  
 So *Cesar's Glories* in the View surprize,  
 When with a Naked Eye we see each Light,  
 'Tis troublesome, and takes away our sight,  
 These were my thoughts, and this believe it true,  
 Is all the Reason that I plead, or knew :  
 As when a Man, within a little Boat,  
 Safely, in shallow Rivers rows about,  
 But shou'd he launch into the Swelling Main,  
 His Boat wou'd be too small, his Art in vain ;  
 So tho' I've writ with Reputation too,  
 Of trivial Subjects, Stories that I knew,

Show'd

Shoud I, for this, a greater Thought have had,  
 Have writ Jove's Thunder, and the Wars he made,  
 Or Cesar's Wars, but little less than those, 10  
 Next Jove's the Victory, as good the Cause, 11  
 Awkward my weaker Numbers might have bin, 12  
 And Jove, and Cesar, suffer'd in the Strain. 13  
 Once I begun the mighty Task, and Try  
 Hung of Wars, as other Poets did, 14  
 But still, my Hero so sur past the rest, 15  
 I must have writ the worst, if not the best. 16  
 Then I resolv'd to tell some amorous Tale,  
 With melting Words oblige the Longing Girl, 17  
 While frequent blushes, with Repeated Sighs,  
 Engaging Looks, the Language of the Eyes, 18  
 Show how she loves, and loving how she Dyes. 19  
 Curse o' this Thought! why did I learn to Read?  
 Why did my Tabor teach me as he did? 20  
 And yet I suffer thro' Mistake, as tho' 21  
 Unlawful Ways of Love I did pursue; 22  
 As tho' I ad sought to abuse the Nuptial Rites, 23  
 And gratifie my self with vile Delights; 24

binded

This

This I Profess, and Heaven knows it true,  
 Lawful are all the ways of Love I know;  
 No Man by me's a Doubtful Father made,  
 I never wrong'd the meanest Person's Bed;  
 My Life and Verse, have always differ'd far,  
 Pleasant my Muse, my Manners more severe:  
*Accius* was Fierce, *Terence* was soft, and smooth,  
 Fore Tragedies, preferring Plays, less Rough.  
 Nor yet am I the first, that writ another way,  
*Anacreon's* Applauded to this day,  
 For writing of a harmless Love, like me.  
*Sappho* had never reach'd an Excellence,  
 Had not she writ of Love, without Offence:  
 The good *Menander*, when he made his Plays,  
*Menander* that diverts so many Ways,  
 He never Writ, but Love was still his Theme,  
 Bewitching Love, the tender Virgin's Dream;  
 He taught 'em Laws, to manage all their Fire,  
 And while they Burn'd themselves with strong  
   (Desire  
 Dissemble still, and make their Lovers dye,  
 But Dye to Live, and Meet with greater Joys;

F

What

What are the *Iliads*, that the World approves,  
 But *Wars*, occasion'd by *Forbidden Loves*?  
 How *Helen*, melted by her *Paris Voice*,  
 Yields to his Charms, and eagerly enjoys :  
 Had not *Ulysses* Wife so many Won,  
*Homer*, his *Odysses* had ne'er begun,  
 Nor we have Read the *Wanderer from Home*. }  
 In all the Various Passions *Homer Paints*,  
 There's none more Taking, that he Represents,  
 Then when he tells, how *Mars* with *Venus lay*,  
 And makes each *God* a Witness of their Joy ;  
 How pleasantly her Husband is Reveng'd,  
 To let 'em lye, till he prepares the Chains.  
 Many the Instances I yet cou'd heap,  
 Wou'd not the Reader, and my Muse both sleep.  
*Catullus* always most Correctly Writ,  
 His *Lesbia* the Subject of his Wit:  
*Hortensius*, and *Servius*, lov'd like me,  
 And who wou'd fear to Follow such as they ?  
*Gallus*, for *Lycoris* was never Blam'd,  
 Talking too much, not Writing, *Gallus Damnd.*

*Tibullus*

*Tibullus* writes, how freely Women swear,  
 What strange deluding sort of things they are ;  
 They value strictest Oaths, no more than Wind,  
 When e're they please to change a Fickle Mind,  
 How Wittily they will a Keeper Balk,  
 And when their Husband's jealous, how they talk ;  
 And he, *Tibullus*, best these Truths might know,  
 At once the Cully, and the Poet too.

*Propertius* next, so great, and very good,  
 How Men admir'd, and Women lov'd, he shew'd,  
*Propertius* yet Repeated Honours had ;  
*Cæsar* his Friend, approving what he did.  
 When these Succeeded all so well, I thought,  
 I might pursue the Measures that they Taught,  
 I fear'd not, where so many Ships had Past,  
 Or thought my Bark wou'd Shipwrackt be at last :  
 Had I but Play'd the Droll in Mimick Wit,  
 I ad then bin safe, and pleas'd a laughing Pit,  
 All Ages, Sexes, Flock with hast to these,  
 And love the Bawdy that they find in Plays ;  
 To hear a Toothless Strumpet Split her Sides,  
 Laugh 'till she pisses at the Words she Reads,

" Judge me ! the Author's such a Witty Man,  
 " He must do more than other People can :  
 Thus I had made a Party to Retreat,  
 Had I but thus Buffoon'd it when I writ,  
 And all my Nonsense wou'd have bin Sheer  
 ( Wit. )

Shall Stammering Mimicks then Protected live ?  
 And others want the Favours that they have ?  
 Shall *Ovid* suffer, while he wou'd Delight ?  
 Others be safe, that do, what *Ovid* writ ?  
 My Lines by th' Mob, as theirs, huzza'd have bin'  
 And mine, and theirs, *Augustus*, you have seen ;  
 But seen, as when we different Paintings view,  
 Diverting for the Skill the Painter knew,  
 And he a certain Due, Reward, receives,  
 Tho' he a Monster, nay, the Devil gives :  
 Within your Palace, various Pictures hang,  
 The best Drawn Pieces, by the Nicest Hand,  
 And yet more famous for their House than Paint-  
 Your Fathers, Uncles, by a long Descent ;  
 Not far from these, nay, in the nearest Room,  
 Some Women hang, as Naked as they're Born.

Let

Let greater Pens, for bloody Wars prepare,  
 Inur'd to Dangers, as their Hero's are ;  
 Let these in strains, their *Cæsar's* Battels speak,  
 And show in Arms, how like a God you look,  
 While others, skill'd i'th' art of Heraldry,  
 Tell all the Wonders of your Family,  
 How for some Ages, Hero's have bin bred,  
 And how *Augustus* do's the rest exceed :  
 This I have often wisht, but wisht in vain,  
 Nature designing me a weaker strain,  
 Far from the best, yet not the worst, so mean.  
*Virgil*, the Wonder of a Wonderous Age,  
 Whose Art does still some mighty things Pre-  
 sage,  
 Whose Writings give unto our Poets Laws,  
 Whether a great or humble Theme they choose:  
 If Warriours read, in him their Art they find,  
 Honour, and Courage, in the *Trojans* joyn'd:  
 If Lovers take his *Aeneids* down,  
 They read, how *Dido*, and the Hero's found,  
 How *Jove*, he Thunder'd in the World above,  
 Kindly assisting their Design of Love ;

Thus he in Notes, so artfully cou'd Play,  
 The Fierce, and Gentle, all, in him agree,  
 In him they Meet, a pleasant Harmony. }

Nor did he once, disdain the Herdsman's Song,  
 But writ *Bucolics*, in his Mother Tongue ;  
 How *Corydon* for his *Alexis* Burn'd,  
 How proud *Alexis*, *Corydon* he scorn'd :  
 He show'd how *Nysa*, *Mopsus* lov'd,  
 A Humour Women always mov'd ;  
 Tho' *Mopsus* Nature had design'd a Jest,  
*Mopsus* was Rich, and *Nysa* lov'd him best.

Thus when the *Mantuan* Poet led the way,  
 I thought to follow such a Guide as he,  
 To write like him, cou'd ne'er have ruin'd me :  
 Nor yet, do I, more serious Subjects want,  
 Some Books of Sacred Feasts, I have in Print ;  
 One while, my Muse, in Tragick Buskins Trod,  
 All very solemn, grave, and some said good :  
 Another Work, with Care and Pains I wrote,  
 Tho' in my Sentence 'twas unfortunate ;  
 Wanting the Authors last performing Stroak,  
 To give it Graces for the nicest Look,

In this, ( my *Metamorphosis* ) I show,  
The Face of things, from *Nothing*, down to you:  
Wou'd you, in this, but Read my Innocence,  
You'd find how much the Poet lov'd the Prince;  
You'd Read in e'ry Line my very Soul,  
Intirely yours, without Reserves at all :  
Nor was I ever Tempted when I writ,  
Inferior Men, with disrespect to Treat,  
I always hated a Satyrick Wit,  
Ne'er Wounding any, but the Author, yet.  
This shew'd the Temper of a Peaceful Mind,  
Form'd in my Infancy, by Age refin'd ;  
For this, no well-bred *Roman* triumphs now,  
Pleas'd at the Punishment I undergo,  
But rather Mourns, the dismal story told,  
And often wishes that I were recall'd.  
May these, Great *Cæsar*, move your Royal Breast,  
Till you Remit my Sentence, part at least,  
If it's too much to Pardon, grant some Place  
Nearer my Native Country much than this.

*The End of the Second Book.*

The Third BOOK  
 OF  
**OVID**  
 IMITATED.

The Book entreats the Reader to be Candid, and before he Condemns, to consider the Disadvantages it was writ with: He shows his coming to Rome, where he met with a Guide, that acquainted him with all the Curiosities of the Place.

ELEGY I.

**B**e gentle, Reader, whosoe'er thou art,  
 Pitty a poor, unhappy Wanderer's Part,  
 The

The Wretched Off spring of a Wretched Man,  
 Banish'd his Countrey to a Forreign Land,  
 But be n't afraid, nor Blush at what he gives,  
 No thoughts of Love are Read within these  
 (Leaves ;

The Author's not so sensless, to be merry now,  
 To Write as happy Poets, when they Write, do ;  
 When Reason in her Infancy he knew,  
 And thought his Wit the better of the two,  
 'Twas then a lasting Train of Ills he laid,  
 Pleas'd with the Fond Ideas that he had,  
 He writ of Love, and Flatter'd e'ry Sense,  
 Promis'd himself no Injuries from thence :  
 Had he but thought, how Fond *Pygmalion* Wood,  
 How proudly, when he lov'd, the Statue stood,  
 No living Beauty he had ever Took,  
 Or Dar'd the Lightning that those Angels Look ;  
 Or had but *Cæsar* Spoke such Writings Sin,  
 He'd sooner anger'd any God than him :  
 But now his Subject's chang'd, ah ! now too late,  
 Now, when he feels unequal Fortune's Weight,  
 Sad are his Notes, adapted to his Fate.

No Ornaments in Prudence he'd bestow ;  
 Had I come out as gay, as others do,  
 The World had thought him Proud, me Fool-  
 If he shou'd stammer at his Mother Tongue,  
 Or write, as they that have been absent long,  
 'Tis this damn'd Jargon, that the Countrey speaks,  
 Confounds his Words, and such a difference  
 Now, Reader, if it is not troublesome,  
 Direct me in this City where I'm come ;  
 And may the Gods for such a Kindnes give,  
 A mighty Portion of the Goods they have ;  
 May you ne'er Travel weary, as I've done,  
 But live a prosperous, good old Age, at Home ;  
 I'll Follow wheresoe'er you please to go,  
 Tho' I'm Faint, Hungry, very Dirty too.  
 At this he walks, and with his Finger shows,  
 This is the Court, says he, of Cesar's House,  
 This is the Via Sacra where you Pass,  
 A Street the World in admiration has ;

Here

Here you may see, where *Vesta's* Temple's set,  
 That's *Numa's* Pallace there, not far from it ;  
 This is the Place, where bold *Evander* dwelt,  
 And here, they say, this Hill, *Rome* first was Built.  
 Thus, while I wonder all the lovely sight,  
 I see a House, the Posts in Armour set,  
 Good, as some God had had it for his Seat : }  
 Nay, so surpriz'd, I innocently cry'd,  
 Is n't this *Jove's* House ? it must be so, I said,  
 For there, hard by, an Oaken Crown I see,  
 Sacred to *Jove*, this makes my Augury.  
 But still my Guide, he told me I was Wrong,  
 'Twas *Cesar's* Pallace, and he'd known it long;  
 I cou'd not for my Heart but yet conclude,  
 So stately all, so happy the Abode, }  
*Cesar* must be at least a Second God.  
 Why are these Gates, I said, with Laurels set ?  
 How come the Boughs thus artfully to meet ?  
 Is it because perpetual Triumph's here ?  
 And Laurels wanting for so many are ?  
 Or is it Holy-day ? or this a Sign,  
 How happy all the People are in him ?

If

If so, to th' Number may he kindly add,  
 One Citizen his Anger's wretched made :  
 Ah me ! so awful all the Place appears,  
 My Heart misgives me, and admits of Fears,  
 My Paper sinks, affected with the Thought,  
 As wild Disorder a Presage had Taught :  
 At this I Stop, and Kneeling down, I Pray,  
 First to my self, at last, aloud I say :  
 May *Cæsar*, Sovereign of the World below,  
 Great in his Empire, and his Wisdom too,  
 Forgive my Father, and Revoke his Doom,  
 And smile on me, tho' Born an Exile's Son.  
 Next, by a Vast, but gradual Ascent,  
 Where Great *Apollo*'s Temples were, we went,  
 Where Books are seen, of various Subjects writ,  
 Contain'd within a Place that joyns to it ;  
 And here I thought my Kindred Books to see,  
 All but th' unfortunate, our Misery.  
 But e're I lookt the several Classes o'er,  
 The Keeper told me, there was none such there,  
 And rudely bid me in a barbarous Tone,  
 By fair means, or by foul, be quickly gone :

From thence to other Libraries I came,  
 But still no less than there, Repuls'd with shame ;  
 At this a sad Reflection made me sigh,  
 By Birth, that I shou'd so unhappy be,  
 Lost by my Father's Crimes, as well as he.

## ELEGY II.

*In this Elegy Ovid complains of his  
 Banishment, and passionately desires  
 to dye.*

**W**hen the Gods Curse, in Sufferings like  
 Tho' great their Wrath, yet greater is the Sin;  
 That I to Scythia should Banish'd be !  
 Live in Disgrace, and dye with Infamy !

The

The Muses that I doted on, and Pray'd,  
 So passionately courted, as I did ;  
 The Deities, I so entirely lov'd,  
 That took my Offerings, and my Songs ap-  
     ( prov'd,  
 These might, one wou'd have thought, the  
     ( Gods have mov'd.

*Apollo* too, the Patron of our Right,  
 Refus'd his Interest, and left me quite.  
 Abandon'd, and undone, my Wrongs I tell,  
 But none can know their Force but I, that feel;  
 I, that my Life, till now, in Silence past,  
 Avoiding noise, and bus'ness to the last ;  
 Tender, and Delicate, no Labours knew,  
 Or Heats, and Colds, as Travellers do,  
 That I, shou'd such an Alteration bear !  
 The Icy Seas, and Frosts, so common here,  
 Spent by Fatigues, that I shou'd think to write !  
 That it shou'd please me too, is stranger yet !  
 When all the wretched Tale I tell, is true,  
 And what the Reader fees, I feel, and know :

When

When I had pass'd the Dangers of the Seas,  
 And reach'd the Land, the sad appointed Place,  
 I thought my Mind might with the Vessel rest,  
 However, be more peaceable at least,  
 But far from this, new Horrors they affright,  
 The Towns, the Men, the Land, a wretched  
     (Sight !

At this, my Eyes, obedient to my Mind,  
 Gush'd out with Tears, that long had bin confin'd,  
 Such Floods I wept, as when great Waters flow,  
 From tallest Mountains, coverd o're with Snow,  
 Dissolv'd by Rains, that Threat'n all below.  
 While *Rome*, the great, the good, the much lov'd  
     (Place,  
 My House, my Wife, my Friends, my Fears en-  
     (crease,  
 Often I ask to Dye, but ask in vain,  
 As Heav'n reserv'd me for a farther Pain ;  
 But that can't be, so exquisite my Grief,  
 The Torments that I know exceed Belief:  
 Why has the Fatal Steel escap'd my Threat ?  
 Why has the Deep her Mouth unkindly shut ?

The

The Gods, in Complaisance to Cæsar's Wrath,  
Resolve me wretched, and deny me Death.

## ELEGY III.

### To his Wife.

*With some Account of his Sickness.*

**T**oo weak to write, a Stranger's hand I use,  
But be n't, my Dear, too much surpriz'd  
Take the true Reason, tho' I'm loth to tell,  
So much you love, so very much I feel :  
A sudden Illness seiz'd me with a mighty force,  
And tho' so bad at first, I still grew worse,  
While shooting Pains distorted every joint,  
And frequent Sweats made all my Members faint ;

My

My Fingers, they refus'd the VVork they knew,  
 And disobey'd, tho' I design'd it you ;  
 No Means was left, but by another's hand,  
 And this is that, my Dearest VVife, I send :  
 The want of Health's no small, no trivial Ill,  
 The Bravest pity, when the Pains they feel ;  
 When weary'd Nature, Stagger'd with the  
     ( Weight,  
 Disorder'd, sinks beneath approaching Fate ;  
 But mine's much worse than e'er the Wretchedst  
     ( knew,  
 The Place I live in, doubles every Woe,  
 Here's no Phyſitian to Relieve the Sick,  
 No healing Cordials to support the VVeak,  
 No VVitty Friend is found within this Place,  
     VVith pleasing Stories, to divert in such a Case,  
 And make the sluggish Minutes mend their Pace :  
 In various Postures on my Bed I lye,  
 Restless in all, yet still the same I Try,  
 VVhile crowding Thoughts are chuffling in my  
     ( Mind,  
 But you, as always, I the deepest find ;  
     VVithout you, as always, I the deepest stand.

G

Fond

Fond of your Name, the wonted Sound I speak,  
 Improperly, they say, and Nonsense make,  
 So much I love, that shou'd my Faultring Tongue,  
 Too Weak, refuse to speak as it has done ;  
 Shou'd you appear, the Strings wou'd artful Play,  
 Tho' shrunk before, wou'd all Obedience be,  
 A thousand little tender things I'de say,  
 Talk like a Lover, on his Wedding-day,  
 And more than talk, I'd love, my Dear, as he. }  
 Such joy, wou'd give new Measure to my Days,  
 While I not only liv'd, but liv'd with Ease ;  
 But if the Thread of Life the Sisters spun,  
 Was but design'd till now, and's a'most done,  
 It had bin kind to let me stay'd at Home,  
 And there, ye Gods, expected till it Ran ;  
 Then I ad a Grave within my Country had, }  
 And all my Friends, the decent Rites had paid,  
 Secure I ad slept, without Reflection layd ; }  
 Now in a distant Land, remote from all,  
 Living, and dying, I unpity'd Fall,  
 No tender Friend to do the last kind Work,  
 To Close my Eyes, for ever after Dark.

When

When you receive these Lines, my Dearest Wife,  
 Let not my cares, too much encrease your Grief ;  
 Inur'd to Sorrows, you know better things,  
 You know, too much Concern, a Weakness brings ;  
 Long you have learnt the Melancholy Trade,  
 Read all the Mystery's it ever had ;  
 Besides, Child, Death it self's no Punishment,  
 You lost your Husband in his Banishment,  
 The worst of Deaths the Gods cou'd e'er invent,  
 A Death with infamy, to th' Vilest sent ;  
 And now if Heav'n wou'd pardon what is past,  
 This Pray'r I'de make, and breath it with my last ;  
 May no Remains of me, but all entire,  
 Stretcht on the Pile, in fiercest Flames expire ;  
 For shou'd what fond Pythagoras says, be true,  
 That after Death, our Souls a Being know,  
 More Wretched still, to dye in such a Place,  
 Unknown the Way, I shou'd be Doom'd to this ?  
 Converse with Ghosts, that Devils liv'd,  
 That never cou'd on Earth be once believ'd,  
 This makes me Charge those Servants that I have,  
 To see all Burnt, some Ashes only save,

And these enclos'd within a well-made Urn,  
 To Italy, with haste I wou'd have Born,  
 And thus, tho' dead, my Dear, I shall return.  
 And who can blame your pious care in this,  
 Tis all inhumane, if it shou'd displease,  
 The Theban dead, his Corps were stole away,  
 And bury'd too, in spite of a Decree :  
 Let well-chuse Sweets be scatter'd o're my Grave,  
 And let my Marble this Inscription have ;

*Here, in this Melancholly Vault below,*  
*Lyes injur'd Ovid, all that's Ovid now,*  
*Undone, and ruin'd, while he strove to move,*  
*By telling Stories of endearing Love :*  
*Now whoso'er thou art, that passeſt by,*  
*Pray Heav'n that Ovid may securely lye,*  
*Since thou thy ſelf hast lov'd as well as he.*

This is enough to ſignifie the Man,  
 The rest my Books will do, they ſpeak my Fame,  
 Louder, and better, than Inſcriptions can.

Much

Much more I have to say, much more cou'd find,  
Cou'd I with strength deliver all my Mind :  
Take then unfinish'd, what your Husband gives,  
May you enjoy, and long, the World he leaves :  
May you of Blessings have so vast a store,  
'Till Heav'n can give, or you can ask no more.  
The last good thing your *Ovid* he presents,  
He gives you Health, the Blessing that he wants.

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## ELEGY

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# ELEGY IV.

## To his Friend.

*Advising him to shun the dangerous  
Conversation of the Great, recom-  
mending a Private Life, with the  
Advantages of a Retirement.*

**T**ake this, my Friend, in Dangers often  
 ( known,  
 That durst, in worst of Times, a Friend-  
 ( ship own :  
 Live to self, always avoid a show,  
 The Private, do, the truest Pleasures know,  
 Value thy self on Nature's better Care,  
 Prefer her Gifts, before his Lordship's Ear ;

Despise

Despise the Gaudy Titles that he has,  
 The Mouldy instances of former Praise ;  
 Believe me, for I know it very true,  
 None live so happy, as the Private do ;  
 A small, convenient, little House, I'd choose,  
 With some few Friends, try'd by the nicest Laws,  
 This I'd Preser, by much, before a Court,  
 With all the Powder'd Fops that there Resort,  
 Scarce in appearance Men, so Antick drest,  
 Yet when they Talk, their Garb's by much the best ;  
 To live with such as these, is Hell to Wiser Men,  
 That love their Ease, and Studys, more than Gain :  
 When Jove in anger Throws his Thunder round,  
 He levels taller Buildings with the Ground,  
 While Humble Cottages untouch'd are found.  
 The naked Sail-yard all Attempts defys,  
 Fearles of all the force of Waves, and Skies,  
 While swelling Sails are drove thro' dangerous  
     ways,  
 Ruffl'd by Winds, that trouble widest Seas :  
 O, had I took, what here I now advise,  
 You 'ad known me still at *Rome*, in perfect Peace !

He

He who by Chance comes down upon a Plain,  
 Falls without danger, and may rise again :  
 Why was Fam'd *Dædalus* found safe, when he,  
 With Wings, as well as *Icarus* did Fly ?  
 This was the Difference, and only this,  
 One kept the Ground, the other Made the Skys ;  
 When *Dædalus* fell, he rose again with ease,  
 But t'other falling from a Præcipice,  
 Dy'd i'th' Attempt, and dying Nam'd the Seas. }  
 Believe me, Friend, and take my very Soul,  
 The Truths I tell, are good, and study'd all,  
 Quit not Retirement, for Noise, and Show,  
 Or Pompous Titles, as the Great Ones do.  
 Happy the good, Unknown, who in a Middle  
     ( State,  
 Contented lives, more Vertuous than Great,  
 He answers all the Ends the Gods enjoyn,  
 No time, but's very well employ'd by him ;  
 What e'er he says, is all severely true,  
 He do's not talk, as Parasites in Courts must do,  
 He's always just to what he do's pretend,  
 And is, where e'er he promises, a Friend :

Friend-

Friendship admits of no dissembling Arts,  
But boasts of pure, entire, and perfect parts,  
Allows no more of nauseous Flattery,  
Than pious Laws approve of Treachery ;  
But all her Rules, so well you understand,  
You can in lofty Strains than I, commend ;  
You praise it too, by practising the Good,  
And living Perfect, as the Better shou'd.  
Often I think, with what a kind sad look,  
When I left *Rome*, your last Farewell you took ;  
With what affection you return'd my Kiss,  
How much concern you show'd in the Surprize,  
What Floods of Tears descended from your  
( Eyes !

This was Compassionate, and very Kind,  
But this is but a part of what's behind ;  
When e'er the Rabble, fond of Misery,  
Breath'd out my Name, with Infamy,  
You, like a Guardian Angel, still stood firm,  
And for my Sake, oppos'd the loudest Storm ;  
For this, the World shall pay eternal Praise,  
And read your Name in never dying Verse ;

My

My Person's Banish'd, but my Name's still free,  
And boasts, a great, and glorious Liberty.

## ELEGY V.

### To his Friend.

*Whom he calls by a Feign'd Name,*  
*Charus.*

**W**hen the last Morn's unwelcome Light  
( came on,  
When I must leave my Wife, my  
(Friends, and *Rome*,  
Well I remember then, how kindly you,  
Profess'd a Friendship ever since prov'd true ;  
Nor had I long, my Friend, the Blessing known,  
Which made it dearer than it wou'd have bin,

That

That you, while I, undone, neglected stood,  
 Shou'd then, an early Friendship too, make good,  
 Was such a generous, and noble thought,  
 It reach'd the highest Pitch that Friendship ought ;  
 Nor yet do's Absence alter your Design,  
 But still, my *Charus*, you continue Mine ;  
 Often you dare to take a Sufferer's Part,  
 And none, than *Charms*, boasts a nicer Art ;  
 Your Eloquence with so much force can move,  
 Severest Judges a'most partial prove ;  
 What can you do then, when a sort of Right,  
 Pleads for your Friend, and you, my Friend, Plead  
 ( it ?

This is my Case, in this, use all your Skill,  
*Cæsar* is good, and will forgive an Ill,  
 For mine's a Crime, because he thinks so still.  
 The Great, and Valiant, is the Generous Foe,  
 He scorns what little petty Conquerors do,  
 His Honour prompts him by a better Law.  
 The Fault once own'd, he soon Forgives the  
 ( Crime,  
 And ne'er upbraids, till he's provok'd again ;

So

So fiercest Lions, tho' their Power great,  
 Pardon the Weak, when Prostrate at their Feet,  
 Such an Acknowledgment decides the Fray,  
 And this is certainly the nobler way ;  
 But Wolves, and Bears, of an inferiour Race,  
 Always the same, are fierce in every Place,  
 They no Submission take, but seize their Prey,  
 And rudely bear the trembling Beast away.

Who was e'er Rougher than *Achilles* was ? }  
 Yet *Dardanus* his Griefs took so much Place,  
 His VVrongs was read in Fierce *Achilles* Face ; }  
 Such thoughts as these, make me expect Relief,  
 That Heav'n will one day mitigate my Grief :  
 Had I bin conscious of some Mighty Fault,  
 I durst not then, so much as this have Thought ;  
 Had I in VVine profan'd great *Cæsar*'s Name,  
 Manag'd reflectingly so good a Theme ; }  
 Had I bin Treacherous, I shou'd desire to dye,  
 Rather than live with so much infamy ;  
 But for beholding what I cou'd not shun,  
 Banish'd, for what my Eyes have only done,  
 Is hard, and yet for this I'm Banish'd *Rome*. }

Now

Now, what I ask, is, you wou'd intercede,  
 If Liberty is never to be had,  
 Pray my Removal from this horrid Place,  
 And I'le rest satisfy'd, my Friend, with this.

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## ELEGY VI.

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### To Perilla.

**G**O to *Perilla*, Letter, hasty Go,  
 Tell her of e'ry Circumstance you know<sup>3</sup>,  
 You'll find her Waiting by her Mother stand,  
 List'ning, and Running, at the least Command :  
 What-e'er she's doing of, tell her of me,  
 She'll leave it all, and quickly follow thee ;  
 A thousand times she'll ask you how I do ?  
 Whether I'm melancholly still, or No ?

Whe-

Whether my Health e'nt injur'd by my Fate,  
 And I grown old, and bend beneath the Weight ?  
 To all she says, make her this short Reply,  
 I live, but live impatiently to Dye :  
 Tell her, the Muses are my Care again,  
 And all the Pleasure that I have's in them ;  
 And while you talk, ask her be sure, why she,  
 Busy'd in other Studies, left her Poetry ?  
 She had a sort of Right, by Birth to plead,  
 Her Father's Wit, has always bin allow'd ;  
 'Twas very hard, shou'd Children only live,  
 Entitl'd to Diseases, that their Parents have ;  
 Sometimes a Fathers Wit's a happy Share,  
 A Promising Portion, in the meanest Heir ;  
 When Nature in *Perilla* prov'd her Care,  
 And Form'd her Perfect, as the Nicest are,  
 When every Stroak Foretold a certain Reign,  
 And Pregnant Wit, early deserv'd a Name,  
 'Twas then, I brought her to the sacred Spring,  
 And gave her to the Nine a grateful Offering,  
 They soon inspir'd with Art and Thought,  
 And all her Lines were Smooth, as she were  
 ( Taught ;  
 None

None than *Perilla* more sublimely Flew,  
 Yet never lost, her Rules severely True ;  
 If Charming *Lesbia* sung a nobler Song,  
*Lesbia* with Pains had Read the Muses long,  
*Perilla* in her Infant Age writ strong.

Often with Pray'rs, I blest th' Auspicious Sign,  
 Kiss'd the young Girl, in all her Actions Mine,  
 Often I wonder'd at the mighty Pow'r,  
 A Tale I'd heard, but never knew before ;  
 Thus was my thoughts Rais'd to a vast Height,  
 To see my Darling Care, *Perilla* Great,  
 When strait, some angry God his Thunder threw,  
 And striking me, he struck *Perilla* too ;  
 No sooner was my Banishment Decreed,  
 But my great hopes, were in a Moment dead,  
*Perilla*, all her Books aside had laid.

What tho' by Reading I'm unfortunate ?  
 You may expect, my Dear, a better Fate ;  
 Beauty, 'tis true, you have a wondrous Share,  
 But Beauty, Child, tho' every Parent's care,  
 Shines but a while, and then will Disappear ;

But

But Ladies that have Wit and Beauty too,  
 May boast more Slaves than Richest Tyrants do ;  
 Nay, when Time has Plough'd the lovely Face,  
 And all *Perilla's* thousand Charms, decrease,  
 Her Eyes less sprightly, and her Lips less red,  
 Her Nose, her Cheeks, look nothing as they did ;  
 Her Wit shall still a mighty Empire know,  
 And all Mankind shall to *Perilla* Bow :  
 Let this, my Dear, make you assume your Pen,  
 And read, with care, your Authors o'er again,  
 And Bless the World with th' Issue of your  
 ( Brain.

**F I N I S.**

# VERSES

UPON April 14

## Several Occasions.

### ODE 3. Horace, Lib. I.

To VIRGIL,

### *Taking a Voyage to Athens.*

May *Venus* happily Conduct my Friend,  
**M** And Helen's Brothers, shining Stars, de-  
 fend ;  
 May *Aeolus*, whose Voice the Winds obey,  
 Make thee his Care, and still the Raging Sea,  
 Chain in his Den each Wind, but what you want,  
 And like a God Protect, and Storms prevent ;

H 2

And

And you, Fond Ship, proud of your Burthen now,  
 Sail with more care, than usually you do ;  
 Safely convey him to the Attick Lands,  
 The best of Poets, and the best of Friends ;  
 In this you will Preserve my better Half,  
 My *Virgil*, Dearer to me than my self.

His Heart was more than Brass, who first durst  
 (go,

And visit distant Shoars, as we do now,  
 Safe in a Ship, the Floting Monsters see,  
 And be no more Concern'd i'th' Deep, than they,  
 Caress the Watery People as they come,  
 And smile, as tho' some Common thing he'd  
 (done :

In vain, the Prudent Deities divide,  
 Confine Mankind by an impetuous Tide,  
 While Impious Ships can Cross the Roughest  
 (Seas,  
 In spite of all the Force of Waves and Skies.

Nothing's so Mad, that foolish Man won't do,  
 Courting Forbidden Ills, because they're so.  
*Prometheus*, long ago, begun the Way,  
 Stealing Jove's Fire to Animate his Clay,

But

How often will he Weep his Wretched Fate?  
 And Curse his Stars, that so severely Hate;  
 Tho' now he eager, Rifles all thy Charms,  
 And thinks no Blessings like his Pyrrha's Arms;  
 Ne'er doubts at all, but you will always Prove,  
 Constant like him, Engaging still in Love  
 Unhappy Men! to whom unknown you thine,  
 Who fondly think you're Good, because you're

(Fine,

I felt the Storm my Self, and then I Vow'd,  
 For ever after to Adore th' Assisting God,  
 And here, this Table shows I dread the Flood.

### To Clarinda.

**T**O Pray's a Priviledge the Gods allow,  
 They kindly give us leave to Love 'em  
 And what the Gods Approve, I hope you do.  
 Poets, like me, Complain, Admire, Adore,  
 Love, Write, Dye, and Dying, own your Pow'r,

And tho' the Nymph's as Good, and Fair as you,  
 Twas ne'er, *Clarinda*, thought a Crime to Bow.  
 The Sun, his Beams does equally Display,  
 And kindly gives the Good, and Bad, a Day ;  
 Your Charms, as powerful are, as great as his,  
 More than his Heart, your Wit, and Beauty, please ;  
 But shou'd your Influence no farther go,  
 Than those that live, and look, and talk like you,  
 As just *Astrea*, from the World you'd Fly,  
 And Heav'n Oblige with better Company.

Gods ! when we View the Beauties of your Mind,  
 Unmixt with Pride, Ambition, or Design,  
 Nature had fondly giv'n so vast a store,  
 Had not your Family bin Prodigies before ;  
 Wit unaffected, States, and Empires Rules,  
 Endears the Good, exposes Fops and Fools.  
 If Wit alone Commands, and makes a Slave,  
 How many Thousands must *Clarinda* have ? }  
 Whose Tongue, or Eyes, can either Kill or Save.

When

When Beauty mov'd, and Love, and Wit, first  
 Took,

In soft, engaging Numbers, Lovers spoke,  
 Easy you Reign'd, and willingly they Bore,  
 The pleasing Bondage of so just a Pow'r ;  
 Like them of old, we Love, and like them too,  
 Artless we Write, of any thing, but you.

Heaven ne'er wants it's Thunder, yet the Air  
 Is sometimes Calm, Serene, and very Clear ;

Should Storms arise, and Winds for ever Blow,  
 While Nature Triumph'd in so Wild a Show,  
 No longer we shou'd Relish Life below.

Like Heav'n, Madam, let your Goodness move,  
 While we Return our Wonder, and our Love,  
 And tho' you gently Reign, yet like the Skies,  
 Command your Lightning, when we Dare De-

(spise:

Upon

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## Upon *Philis* Frowning.

*P*hilis, those Frowns will never Punish now,  
Had you but Frown'd some Twenty Years  
Ago, Some injudicious Lover might have Whin'd,  
And sigh'd, because his *Philis* were unkind ;  
Age now hath made your Forehead far from  
( straight,  
By Planting Wrinkles, that the Young Men hate ;  
Nor do the Elder love a Wither'd Face,  
By which they Read their own, as in a Glass,  
Deaths Heads, and Skeletons, Physitians keep,  
But never lay 'em by 'em when they sleep.  
Then Smile, my *Philis*, do, and Paint thy Skin,  
Defye the Girls, and try to be Fifteen.

noU

To

# A SONG.

**C**larinda still disputes my Love,  
 Unkind denys my Flame,  
 Tho' all my Looks my Passion prove,  
 Yet still I Love in vain.  
  
 When Gods above their Lightning Throw,  
 The strongest feel their Pow'r,  
 But this, Clarinda, they ne'er do,  
 'Till we refuse t' Adore.  
  
 But you as Good, was you as Kind,  
 Can Unprovok'd Destroy,  
 Careless behold the Swain you find,  
 When he for you must Dye.  
  
 And tho' none Boasts a better Right,  
 Yet let me this Advise,  
 Conceal those Beauty's that Invite,  
 Or Pity him that Dyes.

*Hor.*

## Hor. ODE 34. lib. I.

*He Resolves to be Religious.*

**I** Who the Deitys so seldom Pray'd,  
 But follow'd the Delights of Sense,  
 That no Religion ever yet Obey'd,  
 But *Epicurus* fond Pretence,  
 My impious Error have at last perceiv'd,  
 At last grown Good, and Virtue's Rules believ'd.  
 For very lately, *Jove*, I angry heard,  
 His Rolling Thunder rent the Sky,  
 The Wondering World, amaz'd, were all affraid,  
 And Trembl'd at his Majesty,  
 His Lightning Prov'd his awful Reign and Pow'r,  
 And made me too, tho' very late, Adore,  
 How did he shake Remotest Lands and Seas?  
 The Noise, disturb'd the very Dead,  
 The Ghosts in Wild Disorder all Arose,  
 And *Pluto*, tho' a God, Obey'd,

The

The Lightning Pierc'd his Shady Walks, so Bright,  
His Weaker Flames were all Extinguisht quite.

How does he sport with greatest Monarchs Pow'r?

Snatch from their Heads the Glorious Crown,  
And make the Meanest, Royal Ensigns Wear,

To Prove all Kingdoms are his Own;  
And under him, we see Blind Fortune Reigns,  
Nevet more pleas'd than in the greatest Change.

### ODE 9. Hor. Lib. 3.

*A Dialogue betwixt Hor. and Lydia.*

*Horace.*

While I was welcome to my Lydia's Arms,  
And no smooth Youth had any Part,  
How did I Prize my Lydia's melting Charms?  
And eager, gave her all my Heart:

I ~~had~~ No

No joys like what her amorous looks cou'd Teach,  
 Each happy Smile was worth a Crown,  
 No Persian King was ever half so Rich,  
 As I, while Lydia was my Own.  
 Lydia.

Whilst Horace Soul, my Beauty cou'd Inspire,  
 And Chloe's Charms, ne'er Warm'd his Breast,  
 How did I meet him with a Glowing Fire !  
 And never thought my self so Blest.

His Seeming Passion gave Assurance too,  
 While Woods resounded Lydia's Name,  
 Too Credulous Lydia thought him True,  
 And often boasted of the same.

### Horace.

Ah Lydia, Chloe now has all my Heart,  
 For her I willingly wou'd dye,  
 Chloe, that Sings, and Plays, so fine a Part,  
 Chloe, her self, all Harmony.

Lydia.

*Lydia.*

Ah *Horace*, *Calais* succeeds you now,  
 And Boasts a finer Men, and Air,  
 So much in Feats of Love out-does you too,  
 I'd dye two Deaths to have my Dear.

*Horace.*

What if my former Love returns again?

And I, for *Lydia* shou'd dye,  
 Fondly admire each Smile, and Dread each Frown  
 And *Chloe's* Charms again deny.

*Lydia.*

Tho' lovely *Calais* shines like any Star,  
 Is Young, and Gay, and Constant too,  
 Yet I must Own, I love my *Horace* more,  
 And I had rather live with you.

**ODE 19. Hor. Lib. 1.****To Glyceria.**

**V**enus engages with her Art,  
Officious Cupid Plays his Part;

Besides, my Inclinations move,  
And Wanton, still are Pressing Love;  
Glyceria, more Bright than Marbles Shines,  
Glyceria, my very Soul inclines;

Her Pretty Womanly Disdain,  
Doubles my Love, as well as Pain,  
Every well Appointed Frown,  
Makes me, Glyceria, more your own:

How have I view'd that lovely Face!

How do I still with Wonder Gaze!

Venus left her Cyprian Grove,

And came to teach me all her Love,

As soon as I the Goddess met,  
 She told me, she wou'd have me Write,  
 But Write no more, says she, of Wars,  
 That fill your Head with idle Fears,  
 How Parthians Fight, and Fighting Fly,  
 What is such Stuff to you or I?  
 Write me some Stories that may move,  
 And Melt the Longing Girl with Love;  
 While trembling Limbs, and sparkling Eyes,  
 Disorder'd words, and short-breath'd Sighs,  
 Show how she Loves, and Loving Dyes.  
 In this the Goddess I'll Obey,  
 In this same Place an Altar lay,  
 Here Offer at the Goddess Shrine,  
 And Beg she wou'd, as now Incline,  
 And make the Charming Glycer a mine.

John Dryden's Odes I as read in

the War past b'fore all in his land

the War past b'fore all in his land

## The Parting.

John Dryden's Odes I as read in

**C**LARINDA'S EYES have prov'd Love's Empire  
 (True,  
 Made me, tho' long a Rebel, Own it  
 (too;  
 When I, Commanded, took my last Farewell,  
 Gods! what strange Disorders did I feel!  
 How my fwo'l'n Eyes discharg'd their mighty store!  
 And Wept, as tho' they'd never Wept before;  
 As Snow around the Taller Mountains hangs,  
 Which Rain dissolves, and to the Valleys brings,  
 Whose Rapid Torrent threatens all the Way,  
 Not stopt by Houses till it Reach the Sea;  
 So was it, when my Eyes, brim-full, o'erflow'd,  
 None saw the Stream, but fear'd the growing  
 (Flood;  
 And had not I, thro' Weakness, Dy'd away,  
 No doubt, but I my Self had made a Sea:

Often

Often I'd heard of *Venus*, and her Son,  
Oft been told what Miracles they'd done;  
How they cou'd make the Obstinatest sigh,  
Nay more, much more, admire, adore, and dye;  
But these were idle, senseless Tales to me,  
An Infidel in Love's Divinity :  
*Venus*, I thought, might Charm some Amorous  
(Youth,  
And Cupid's Beauty might have bin a Truth,  
But to Believe his Arrows, Bow, and Darts,  
Were Form'd to Murder, or to Soften Hearts,  
Were Stuff, I thought, but find it very True,  
And willingly Retract my Error now.  
Some Months agone, as I *Clarinda* Gaz'd,  
My Heart unusual Pulses Beat, amaz'd,  
I unaccountably began to Sigh,  
But soon, disorder'd all, thought Death were  
( nigh,  
Ne'er Dreamt of Love, I' th' least, not I;  
Till One, whom long Experience made Wise,  
Told me 'twas Love, the Symptoms had bin his :

No sooner had he told me what he knew,  
 But strait an Arrow from Love's Quiver flew,  
 And prov'd his Story literally True.  
 Forgive me, Cupid, tho' I late Adore,  
 I Feel, as well as Dread the Conquerour,  
 And if I e'er again Reflect on Thee,  
 May I be Damn'd for my Apostacy.

Forgive me, Venus, for I've injur'd you,  
 Profane, ne'er Worshipt, as I Ought to doe ;  
 Forgive me, lovely Maid, to you I Bow,  
 'Fore you have sinn'd, and humbly Own it too ;  
 To see Clarinda, and to Rail at Love,  
 Deserv'd no less than Thunder from above :  
 Tho' you ave no need of Forreign Aid, or Skill,  
 Your Eyes with Lightning can as surely Kill,  
 Sooner the Gyants might their Heaven Scale,  
 Than I against Clarinda's Force, Prevail ;  
 But Oh ! when I a full Obedience show'd,  
 And Own'd you Fair, and found you very Good,  
 Not Proud, Reserv'd, nor yet more Free,  
 Than Well-bred Ladies always ought to be,

How

How happy was I thought by all that knew !  
 How smoothly did the pleasing Minutes flow !  
 Till that, ( too too severe Decree ) that Day,  
 Curse on it's Light ! that Hurry'd me away ;  
 Not Trembling Ghosts with more Abhorrence  
     ( Go,  
 Change their Abodes, for Gloomy Walks below,  
 Than I, Confounded, from *Clarinda* Went,  
 Plung'd in the Deepest Sea of Discontent.

*Horace, ODE 29. Lib. I.*

*To Iccius.*

*Upon his Changing his Study of Philosophy for that of War.*

**M**uch did I wonder, *Iccius*, when I heard,  
 That you, mov'd with th' *Arabian*  
     ( Gold,  
 Had Chang'd the Course that you so long had  
     ( steer'd,  
 And all your Ease, and Freedom sold.  
                         That

That you Philosophy shou'd leave for War,  
 And growing Old, begin to Fight,  
 Chains for *Sabean* Kings, and *Medes* prepare,  
 A Work you never thought of yet.

What lovely Virgin shall Entreat my Friend,  
 Rob'd of the Charming Youth she lov'd ?  
 What Royal Boy your Happiness attend,  
 With joys that *Iccius* always Mov'd ?

Who now Affirms that Floods mayn't backwards  
 ( Run ?  
 Nay *Tyber's* self, forsake her Course,  
 Like other Streams, see Springs where she begun,  
 And 'ffright the Mountains with their Force.

Since you, your well chose Books aside have laid,  
 And all the Pleasure Learning brings,  
 Begin to learn a bloody dangerous Trade,  
 That always promis'd better Things.

ODE

1677

~~blood you'd rather, wouldest thou, say~~

~~than to have your blood be spilt by you~~

## ODE 31.

*He asks a moderate Fortune, with much  
Health.*

**W**HAT will the Poet ask the Gods to day ?

For what, when he performs his Offerings, Pray ?

Not for the Rich *Sardinia's* Fruitful Ground,  
Nor Fatted Herds, in Dry *Calabria* found ;  
Not Gold, nor Ivory, nor Richest Meads,  
Where Deep, but Pleasant *Lyris* silent Glides ;  
Let them that have 'em, Prune their Tender  
Trees,  
Manage with Care, what ever Fortune gives ;  
Let the Rich Merchant, safe Arriv'd at last,  
In Golden Goblets, drink a mighty Draught,  
Thank Heaven for his Deliverance from Harms,  
Out-sailing Pyrats, and out-living Storms ;

Olives,

Olives, and Mallows, rather be my Food,  
Ease, my Delight, and Books, my Chiefeſt Good.

---

### The Golden Age.

**S**uch was the World, when no Contention  
 (Reign'd,  
 When Heaven with Ease, and Plenty, bleſt  
 (Mankind,  
 When Nature, in a Pure, but ſimple Dress,  
 Taught Men the trueſt way to Happineſſe ;  
 E'er Artifice, Intrigue, Cunaing, Design,  
 Had yet employ'd the Busie States-Man's Mind ;  
 E'er Bolder Atheiſts durſt Dispute the Earth,  
 And make it take an Accidental Birth ;  
 Owe all its Order to a Lucky Chance,  
 When Merry Attoms were dispos'd to Dance ;  
 Or make it an Eternal Being have,  
 As God was always, and muſt always live ;  
 As Light by Emanation from the Sun,  
 So Heaven, and Earth, and Seas, from God to  
 ( come :  
 No,

No, the later Traces of th' Almighty's Care,  
 Taught 'em much juster Notions of his Pow'r,  
 That he, in Time, Call'd from Eternal Night,  
 A Glorious Day, with Chearful Beams of Light,  
 And made a shapeless Lump, of Form admit,  
 And Order shine thro' all the Parts of it;  
 Long e'er Ambition yet the People knew,  
 Or Interest, to make what's False, seem True,  
 Princes ( for e'ry Parent were as such )  
 Ne'er thought of Fighting, but of Loving, much;  
 No Swords, or Spears, were yet Contriv'd, or  
     ( Made,  
 No impious Ships, the Foaming Billows dar'd,  
 But Men, and Boats, the swelling Surges Feard:  
 The Aged Oak, ne'er sopt in Briny Seas,  
 Securely kept the Wood, its Native Place,  
 Tho' Murm'ring Winds the Younger Branches  
     ( Bow'd,  
 The Body stood, as mighty Mountains did,  
 Ne'er Mov'd, but when the laboring Earth in Pain,  
 Prest with some Pent-up Wind, began to Groan,

And .

And in extremity, by Force o' overthrow,  
 Vast Trees, strong Houses, Tallest Mountains too;  
 The Ocean was, as Heaven at first Design'd,  
 A certain Boundary to part Mankind ;  
 The Floating Monsters kept their Watery home,  
 Not more avoiding Men, than they did Them ;  
 'Til Wanton Luxury began to please,  
 And Taught the World t'invade their Propertys,  
 Brave Death, for various sorts of Meat,  
 To satisfie a Foolish Appetite,  
 Or what's still worse, for Gold, they cou'd not  
 ( Eat.)

Wou'd Heav'n I 'ad been at first th' Almighty's  
 ( Care,  
 And had an early Being any where,  
 Or else had been reserv'd for later Days,  
 When Men by long Experience grow Wise.

*The Second Idyllium  
of Moschus.*

*E U R O P A.*

When first *Europa*, *Venus* care appear'd,  
A sudden Dream, the Lovely Nymph  
( prepar'd,  
'Twas then, when Night, her Darker Work had  
( done,  
And Blushing Morn, her Chearful Dress put on,  
*Europa* Dreamt, ( and sure in Dreams there is  
More than we think, at least there was in this )  
She Dream't, two different Lands to her laid  
( Claim,  
The One she knew, the Other not by Name,  
These like Two Matrons, both, their Right de-  
( clare,  
And each Asserted what she saw in Her :  
One said, and justly too, she Brought her Forth,  
The other, Pow'r pleaded, tho' not Birth,

For

For Jove himself, *Europa* is design'd,  
Too great a Blessing for a Humane Mind :  
This, tho' a Dream, the Tender Nymph had  
( Mov'd,  
She Wish't, she Fear'd, and what she Fear'd, she  
( Lov'd.  
Tell me, ye Gods, ( she said ) for you must know,  
Whose Eyes discover Fate in *Embro*,  
What makes the poor *Europa* Tremble so ?  
The Stranger that I saw, so Charming was,  
Such Sweetness in her Words, her Looks, her  
( Face,  
No harm, can sure, with so much Goodness  
( Dwell,  
And yet, methinks, I strange Disorders feel,  
This Thought distracts, but why, I cannot tell :  
This said, her little Play-fellows she sought,  
Thinking, that they might some Relief have  
( brought,  
But they, alas ! of what she felt, Untaught ;  
With these she often Past her Hours away,  
And was till now, as Undisturb'd as they,  
The Tender Nymphs lament her Growing Cares,  
And kindly Wish, that all her Fears were theirs ;  
One

One takes her by the Hand, and gently leads,  
 The Maid still Trembling, to the Verdant Meads,  
 Where various kinds of Plants their Care became,  
 And Flowers, willing to be Cropt by them :  
 A Golden Cup, the Fam'd *Europa* bore,  
 Finer than *Vulcan* e'er had made before,  
 A Gift, the God on *Lybia* bestow'd,  
 When first she Blest th' admiring *Neptune*'s Bed;  
*Lybia* with this did *Telephessa* Try,  
 For none so Worthy of the Gift as she,  
 At last the Cup the Young *Europa* had,  
 Fair *Telephessa*'s Daughter, yet a Maid.

*The Tender Io, Inachus's Care,*  
 As first by *Jove* Transform'd, was Painted here,  
 The Story told, what Pains he took to Gain,  
 At once his Love, and Cheat his jealous Queen ;  
 Here *Mercury*, and *Argus* hundr'd Eyes,  
 A live less strange, than when beheld on this,  
 Such was the Cup the young *Europa* bore,  
 Worthy great *Vulcan*'s Art, and worthy her.

The Nymphs no sooner in the Meadows were,  
 Where Daisies, Violets, and Cowslips are,  
 But all to Gather what they like, Prepare  
 But still *Europa* did the rest Surpass,  
 As much in Air, in Mien, in Wit, and Face,  
 As *Venus* do's before the Graces shine,  
 When Art, and Beauty, speak her most Divine.  
 While thus she shone, a Wondering God lookt  
     ( down,  
 And looking, quickly left his Starry Throne,  
*Europa's* Eyes, far brighter than the Light,  
 That Gilds the Spangl'd Firmament by Night;  
 But *Juno*, always jealous of her Love,  
 For well she knew how *Venus* Arts cou'd move,  
 To jilt the Queen, he Chang'd the God, and Fled,  
 And as a Bull, within those Pastures Fed,  
 Where Fair *Europa*, and the Virgins Play'd :  
 A Bull, but still a Form Divine he bore,  
 Finer by much than e'er they'd seen before,  
*Europa* went, ( her little Friends stood by )  
 To Touch the Charming Bull that Graz'd so nigh ;

The

The Bull Came on, and like a Lover Bow'd,  
 To steal a Kiss, and Wonder'd when she stood;  
*Europa* Wip'd the Eager Foam away,  
 And Kist his Lips, and Bid the Virgins stay ;  
 He Low'd, but with so soft, so smooth an Air,  
 The Sound was Musick to the Nicest Ear,  
 Then Bent his Knees, and Greedy View'd her  
   ( Face,  
 Proud to Lye down, and Tumble where she was.  
*Europa*, Pleas'd to see a Sight so new,  
 Call'd all the Nymphs, and scarce believ'd it True ;  
 Often, my Friends, We'ave in these Meadows  
   ( Play'd,  
 And yet, we never Play'd till now, she said,  
 Let's sit upon this Bull, his Back's so Broad,  
 His strength's so great, he'll eas'ly bear the Load,  
 His Look's so pleasing, and his Air's so Free,  
 He differs from the rest, as much as we ;  
 A Soul he has, such as great Heroes know,  
 Cou'd he but speak, like them, I'de love him too ;  
 With this she sat upon the Bull, and Rode,  
 The other Virgins came to Mount the God,

## **Ships**

Ships big as Mountains, thro' the Seas have steer'd,  
But Bulls I thought, the Waves had always fear'd;  
What Drink can I in Briny Waters find ?  
What Meat ? if th'art a God, like Heav'n be }  
( Kind,  
Conduct me Back, and leave me there behind:  
Dolphins avoid the Land, and Bulls the Sea,  
But Land, or Water, all's the same to thee ;  
Next thou'l with Wings, like Birds, perhaps pre- }  
pare,

To Mount the Skies, and Cut the Yielding Air.  
Unhappy Maid ! so late my Mother's Care,  
With whom I Wander now, unknown, or where,  
Kind *Neptune* hear thy Suppliant's Pray'r,  
Grant me Relief, and Ease my Wonderous Fear,  
Allay'd alone by this, in hopes that you,  
May prove the God, that Bears *Europa* now.  
At this the Bull, in happy'l Accents spoke,  
And *Jove* discover'd, in each Word, and Look,  
Fear not *Europa*, Heavens peculiar Care,  
'Tis he Conducts you, that design'd you Fair,

Your Guide with Thunder shakes the Sky,  
 When Earth or Heav'n disputes his Majesty,  
 And shall he fear the Surges of the Sea ? }

*Crete* shall Receive my Charge, and own you  
 ( Queen, } }

No Ruffling Cares shall ever Interven,  
 Betwixt this Day, and Ages yet unseen :

Lockt in your Arms, in Balmy Joyes I'll lye,  
 And then, my Dear, I'll prove Divinity ;

A Race of Heroes shall *Europa* Grace,  
 Their Father's Courage, with their Mother's Face,  
 These prove their Force, and make the Trem-  
 ( bling Earth,

Admire their Power, and freely own their Birth.  
 Thus while he spoke, her Ghastly Thoughts all  
 ( Fled,

And willingly *Europa* lost her Maiden-Head.

*Idyll.*

## Idyll 3.

## Bion's EPITAPH.

WEEP all ye Woods, in mournful Whis-  
 pers Breath,  
 And tell the Neigh'b'ring Groves of *Bion's* Death ;  
 Ye Murm'ring Brooks, the Fatal News declare,  
 'Till distant Seas the dismal Tidings hear ;  
 Ye tender Plants Lament, your Loss Bemoan,  
 No more your juices boast, your Virtues own,  
 'Tis just you perish, when your *Bion*'s gone :  
 Ye springing Flowers, with-hold your Fragrant  
     Smell,  
 Ye Roses, Violets, and Cowslips tell,  
 How good he liv'd, how much lamented fell.  
 Sing ye Sicilian Muses, *Bion's* Fate,  
 For only you can sound a Grief so great.

Let tuneful *Philomel*, from thickest Boughs,  
 In dying Notes, the Herdsman's Death disclose,  
 Till *Aretbusa*'s streams receive the News;  
 The *Doric* Muse no longer loves the Plains,  
 But hates the Herdsman, and their Skill despairs,  
 When *Bion* sung, so good his Song, his Theme,  
 She proudly boasted, what she heard from him:  
 Ye Swans, that sporting on the Waters Play,  
 Droop all your Wings, and Weep the Fatal Day,  
 In Notes, such as were his, your Tuneful Voices  
     (Try,  
 No Common Breath shou'd sound his Elegy ;  
 Acquaint the Distant Virgins with your Song,  
 That often heard the Musick of his Tongue,  
 And Sigh'd, as Mov'd by that, his Wonderous  
     (Skill,  
 But Panting Breasts, and Wishing Eyes reveal,  
 What they, unhappy Nymphs, wou'd fain con-  
     (ceal.  
 Sing ye *Sicilian* Muses, *Bion's* Fate,  
 For only you can sound a Grief so great.  
 The Cows, so late, th' Indulgent Herdsman's care  
 Refuse their Food, and Wander any where,

No more, an Aged Oak shall boast he fate,  
 And kindly made her swelling Root his Seat ;  
 No more, her List'ning Boughs shall hear him  
     ( Play,  
 And Curse the Wind, that bore the Sound away.

Sing ye *Sicilian* Muses, *Bion's* Fate,

For only you can sound a Grief so great.

When first his Death the great *Apollo* knew,  
 He Mourn'd, they *Satyrs* Wept, *Priapus* too,  
*Pan* mist his Notes, and sighing, sadly said,  
 Lament ye Nymphs, the Artful *Bion's* dead ;  
 The listning Echo, in her Cavern ly's,  
 As *Bion* dumb, and scorns the Vulgar Noise,  
 The Trees refuse their Fruit, their Leaves all Cast,  
 And Withering Flowers fondly Breath their last,  
 The Dolphin Weeps, and Wanders o'er the  
     Shore,  
 The Nightingale, in Notes unknown before,  
 By Grief instructed, sings the Word, *No more.*  
 The thousand Birds beside, so late his Care,  
 Affrighted, tell their Parents what they hear,  
 And gratefully to sing his Death prepare.

But

But who shall e'er Attempt his Oaten Pipe,

So lately sounded by so Sweet a Lip?

The Echo keeps the happy Songs he made,

*Pan* has his Pipe, but *Pan* to Play's affraid.

Sing ye Sicilian Muses, *Bion's* Fate,

For only you can speak a Grief so great.

Poor *Galatea* Weeps, she who so late,

Admir'd his Strains, and list'ning fate,

And often Wish'd, she cou'd his Songs repeat.

Had *Cyclop* Play'd like him, his Tunes so good,

The Nymph had follow'd, never Fled the God,

For *Bion's* sake, she Treads the lonesom Shore,

And Feeds the Herds, with him she Fed before;

No more endearing Songs, the Muses Boast,

With him their Songs are gone, their Numbers  
( lost,

No more the Tender Virgins Kisses Move,

No more they hear the Stories of his Love:

Attend ye Loves, and speak your *Venus* Loss,

More than *Adonis* she her *Bion's* was.

When

When *Homer Dy'd, Caliope* she Sung,  
 And told the Wonders of her *Homer's Tongue*, }  
 How he cou'd Move, or Thunder in his Song: }  
*Bion* a Bard, as great as he, 's no more,  
 His Thoughts as good, his Verse, his Skill, his  
     (Pow'r,  
 One drunk the Stream from *Pegasus* that flow'd,  
 The other *Arethus'a's*, full as good ;  
 One told of Wars, what Wonders some had done,  
 As *Menelaus*, and great *Thetis* Son :  
 The other sung his *Pan*, his *Pan* his Care,  
 His *Pan*, the Virgins, and his Herds, his Fear ;  
 He taught the Youth t' attempt the lovely Prize,  
 And tell his Heart, by speaking with his Eyes ;  
 He taught the Nymph, to Move the Roughest  
     (Swain,) }  
 And make him sigh, admire, and dye in vain,  
 And own a Conquest, when she pleas'd to Reign.  
 Sing ye Sicilian Muses, *Bion's Fate*,  
 For only you can sound a Grief so great.  
 Vast Cities Mourn'd, that once admir'd his Song,  
 Not *Ascrea*, for her *Hesiod*, wept so long :

Boetian

Boetian Woods their lofty *Pindar* spar'd,  
 With less Reluctance, than his Death they heard ;  
 The strong Wall'd *Lesbus*, lov'd *Alcaeus* less,  
 And *Ceius* City will the same Confess ;  
*Parus Archilochus* lov'd less by far,  
 And *Mitylena Sappho*, tho' her Care ;  
 Ausonian Strains, my Numbers Move,  
 Such as the Muses, and their *Bion*, love,  
 Whose Pipe, rather than all his Herds, I'de have. }  
 The Plants, the Product of a Fruitful Earth,  
 They dye like us, but know a second Birth ;  
 But Man, tho' great, tho' good, tho' strong, tho'  
     (Wise, }  
 Can dye but once, and never more must rise :  
 Cou'd any thing Exempt, our *Bion's* Skill  
 Had sav'd the Bard, and all had known him still ;  
 'Twas Poyson kill'd him, but 'twas very strange,  
 His sweeter Breath the Poyson did not Change.  
 O that I, as *Orpheus* once, cou'd Tread, }  
 Or, as *Aleides*, or *Ulysses* did,  
 I'de quickly pay a Visit to his shade. }

And

And if he Plays below, I'de hear, and see,  
 What Modes, what Strains, will please the Deity,  
 In vain *Eurydice* had *Orpheus* Mourn'd,  
 Without his Musick she had ne'er return'd,  
 As *Orpheus* her, may I, my Friend receive,  
 I'll Pipe to Try, and Dye, to make him live.

---

*Anacreon, ODE 3.*

**W**hen silent Night, the Wand'ring Signs  
 (employ'd)  
 And Weary Mortals welcome Sleep  
 (enjoy'd,  
 Young *Cupid* came, and made a Woeful Noise,  
 Knocking, and calling, with a loud, shrill Voice,  
 Open your Doors, my Friend, no harm I'll do,  
 I'm but a Boy, a very young one too,  
 All Wet, I've Wander'd in a Rainy Night,  
 The Moon, or Stars, scarce giving any Light :  
 Mov'd by so sad a Tale, I hasty ran,

The

## ODE 12. *Anac.*

## The Swallow.

**S**ay, thou damn'd Disturber of my Rest,  
Thou Pratling Swallow, worst of all thy  
(Nest,  
How shall I Punish thee ? for I'll no more  
Endure thy Early Noife, as heretofore ;      What

What if I Clipt thy Wings ? or Cut thy Tongue ?  
 As *Tereus*, *Philomela* serv'd when Young :  
 For when *Bathillus* Moves, with softest Charms,  
 And I all Melting Lye within his Arms,  
 The Boy I loose, by your Confounded Note,  
 So often Eccho'd through your Squeaking Throat.

---

### ODE 15. *Anac.*

I Value not great *Gyges* Wealth, not I,  
 Nor all the Gold the Richest Kings enjoy,  
 Give me Refreshing Oyntments, that are Fine,  
 And Oyl, to make my Beard and Temples shine ;  
 Let sweetest Roses Grace each Curling Hair,  
 And thus Adorn'd, than they, I'm greater far ;  
 To Day I'll live, and make it all my Own,  
 For who can tell the Curse to Morrow may bring  
 ( on ? )

Then take great *Bacchus*, all my Sacrifice,  
 Left some invidious, Damn'd Disease, }  
 Shou'd think I 'ad Drunk enough, and bid me } Cease.

ODE

## ODE 26.

**A**S *Bacchus* with his Fiery Face is seen,  
So I, when Drunk, a Hero, look like him ;  
Richer than *Cæsus* too, I seem to be,  
And thinking so, at least am full as Rich as he ;  
**I** Laugh, and Sing, as happy Mortals do,  
And when the Ivy Chaplets Deck my Brow,  
I scorn whatever else is found Below.  
A Noise of War makes some in Haste get up,  
When they take their Arms, I take my Cup,  
For I have often in my Drinking said,  
I 'ad rather far be very Drunk, than Dead,

## ODE 40.

**W**HILE *Cupid* snatcht some Roses from a  
( Tree,  
Thoughtless of Harm, an envious, spiteful Bee,  
Fixes

Fixes her Sting, and Draws his Tender Blood ;  
 The Boy Affrighted, Shrieks, and Crys aloud,  
 And Runs, and Flys, to tell his Wretched Fate,  
 More sad by much, than ever happen'd yet ;  
*Venus* receives him with a Parent's Care,  
 But still his Wound Torments him with new Fear,  
 I Dye, I Dye, I Dye, I'm Kill'd, he sayd,  
 This Moment, Mother, you will see me Dead,  
 A little Prickly Serpent, such as Fly,  
 I think the People say it is a Bee,  
 Assaulted me, and stung me as you see. }  
*Venus* smil'd, and Kist her Son, and said,  
 The Danger's not so great as you're affraid ;  
 If little Bees can sting with so much Force,  
 Your Pointed Darts, my Dear, must needs be  
 ( Worse.

## ODE 52.

*The Rose.*

I Sing the Happy Product of the Spring,  
 The Rose, the Sweetest, Dearest Offering ; L It's

It's Fragant Smell, like that of Heav'n above,  
 Commands at once, our Wonder, and our Love ;  
 The Graces choose it in their Amorous Play,  
 When finest Dreft, with this alone they're Gay ;  
 The Prickly Arms that Nature has bestow'd,  
 Proves thee much more her Care, and not less  
     ( Good,  
 For if with these the Gatherer you hurt,  
 A full Amends your Odors make him for't ;  
 When Prest, the softest Bosom may Admit,  
 And tho' 'twas Fine before, 'tis still more Sweet :  
*Bacchus* invites thee, as a Welcome Guest,  
 When e'er the Deity prepares a Feast.  
*Aurora*, when she Rises, views thy Form,  
 And Grants thy Beauties Finer than her own ;  
 The Nymphs, with Roses, all Adorn their Bed,  
 And *Cyprian Venus*, by the Poets too is said,  
 To Blush with such, or scarce so good a Red : }  
 Thou art a Med'cine to the Fainting Sick,  
 When Nature sinks, thou Fetchest back the Weak,  
 Or if they Dye, thou keep'st their Bodies sweet,  
 In spite of Time, and all the Injuries of it :

When

When Poets prove thy first, and mighty Birth,  
 They bring thy Origin from Heav'n, not Earth,  
 To spring with *Venus*, when the Foaming Sea,  
 Gave *Venus* Birth, her Sweets they say, gave Thee.

## ODE 28.

### To a Painter.

**P**aint me, Great Artist, my *Clarinda's* Face,  
 Her Shape, and all the Beauty's that she has ;  
 And if your Colours will admit a Gem, }  
 Draw her with all the Odors that Perfume, }  
 Or give her Breath, and there's no need of them. }  
 Paint her with Eyes, that wou'd a Hermit Move,  
 And make him leave his Cell, and Own his Love ;  
 Minerva's never Darted such a Flame,  
 Nor was Great *Venus*, greater Power, like them :  
 Make her Endearing Cheeks with lovely Red,  
 Like Virgin Blushes in the Marriage Bed ;  
 Her Pleasing Lips, with Ecstasie of Bliss,  
 A Prince wou'd give a Kingdom for a Kiss.

Paint her, when strongest Passions Heave her  
 ( Breast,  
 And leave a Deep Impression to be Ghest;  
 Cou'd Pulses in your Colours Dance like Hers,  
 The World wou'd quickly Turn Idolaters,  
 The Painter's Skill exceed the Poet's Thought,  
 And all Mankind wou'd Wonder at your Art ;  
 But Draw her Good, as all her Actions are,  
 In such a Garb as Vestal Virgins Wear,  
 Yet if you can, let some small part be seen,  
 To tell the many Thousand Charms within.  
 Enough : Her Form is fixt within my Eye,  
 I'll Draw her thus, and all the World shall see,  
 The nicest Piece that e'er a Painter Drew,  
*Clarinda*, Looking, Thinking, Speaking too.

### The Second *Idyll.* of Bion.

**A** Youth a shooting in a Wood,  
 With eager Hast his Game pursu'd,  
 VVhere sporting Cupid soon appear'd,  
 The Boy of Cupid ne'er had heard ;

But

But pleas'd, to see a Bird, tho' high,  
So Tame, as if it cou'd not Fly,  
His Arrows Fixt, his Bow he Drew,  
But all his Arrows awkward Flew,  
VVhile *Cupid* leap'd from Bough to Bough ;  
His Arrows spent, away he ran,  
VWhere soon he met an Older Man,  
And told him all, and *Cupid* show'd,  
The God still Perching in the VWood :  
The Old Man smil'd, and told the Boy,  
No Arrows cou'd that Game destroy :  
Be gone, he said, your Sport give o'er,  
To Kill that Bird's in no Man's Pow'r,  
When Prompting Nature speaks you Fit,  
The Bird that now will not be Hit,  
Will then upon your Shoulders sit.

### The Third *Idyll.* of Bion.

When happy Dreams, which make the  
( Wretched Blest,  
Had Banish'd Cares, and Charm'd my  
( Soul to Rest,  
Amaz'd,

Amaz'd, methoughts I saw a Goddess stand,  
 Holding a little Wanton by the Hand ;  
 My Head I Mov'd, my Weary Body Bow'd,  
 Thinking the Airy Phantom wou'd have Fled :  
 When *Venus* told me, she had *Cupid* brought,  
 To learn to Sing, ( an Art I some times Taught )  
 This said, The Goddess smil'd, and left her Son,  
 Fond of my Charge, I Pastorals begun ;  
 I show'd how *Pan*, with happy Strains was Mov'd,  
 What Sounds *Apollo*, and *Minerva*, lov'd ;  
 But sporting *Cupid*, still Untaught, Remain'd,  
 Laugh'd at my Method, and my Skill disdain'd,  
 A thousand little Wanton Songs begun,  
 And told me Stories, what the Gods had done,  
 Who lov'd his Mother, who her Favour Won.  
 While I, pleas'd with th' endearing Thought,  
 Knew what he said, but what I did, Forgot.

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*Anacreon, ODE 50.*

**B**acchus Descends, and leaves his Heaven  
 ( above,  
 To Teach us how to drink, and how to love,  
 He

He makes us in our Cups, all Great, and Wise,  
 And scorn the Threatning Dangers that Arise;  
 The strongest Wine, the soonest do's inspire,  
 And gives a double Portion of Love's Fire ;  
 Ensur'd by Wine, no Tedious Disease  
 Disturbs our Mirth, or Dares our Body sieze ;  
 Our Spirits are Sublime, Refin'd, and Free,  
 And like our Notions, Airy, Brisk, and Gay ;  
 Our Pleasing Joys are Constant too, and long,  
 For when the Vintage, and the Season's done,  
 A kind succeeding Vintage still comes on.

## ODE 56.

**M**Y Hoary Temples speak me very Old,  
 And all my Crown once Cover'd, now  
 ( all Bald,  
 Youth hath withdrawn her Image from my Face,  
 And made my Mouth, the Force of Time Confess ;  
 The small Remains of Life are a'most spent,  
 And VVeakn'd Nature staggers, and I Faint,  
 To think the lonesom, Melancholy Road,  
 The Journey to the Shades, the Dead all Tread,

The

The Stygean God's Infernal Seat's so Deep,  
 So Pitchy Dark, as well as Wonderous Steep !  
 Secure he keeps the Passengers Below,  
 And none Return, to tell us what they do.

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## A DREAM.

I Dreamt, and in my Dream, methoughts I saw,  
 The Good *Anacreon*, he call'd me too ;  
 I Ran with hast, and soon Embrac'd the Bard,  
 Wonder'd to see *Anacreon*, but not Scar'd ;  
 His Visage spoke him Old, but Fair, and Clear,  
 Comely, and Merry, as he always Were,  
 His Lips were Colour'd, and his Breath as Fine,  
 As when alive, Perfum'd with Richest Wine ;  
 Young *Cupid* Waited on him, as a Friend,  
 And when he Reel'd, he held him by the Hand ;  
 The Poet Kindly gave me, as I Stood,  
 A well Chose Garland, Rich, and very Good ;  
 I Fondly Fixt the Present to my Head,  
 Proud of a Gift the Great *Anacreon* made,  
 And ever since the Fatal Time I knew,  
 I Thirst like him, and Burn as Lovers do.

F I N I S.

